

AUG 13 1928

# THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

*A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration*



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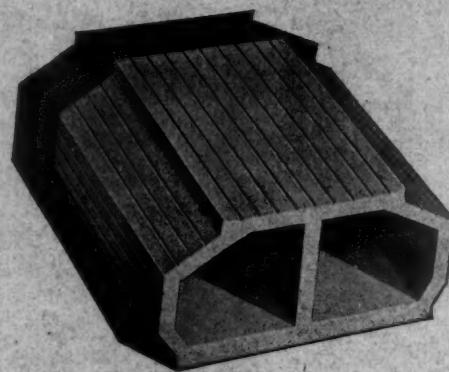
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August 1928

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# THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

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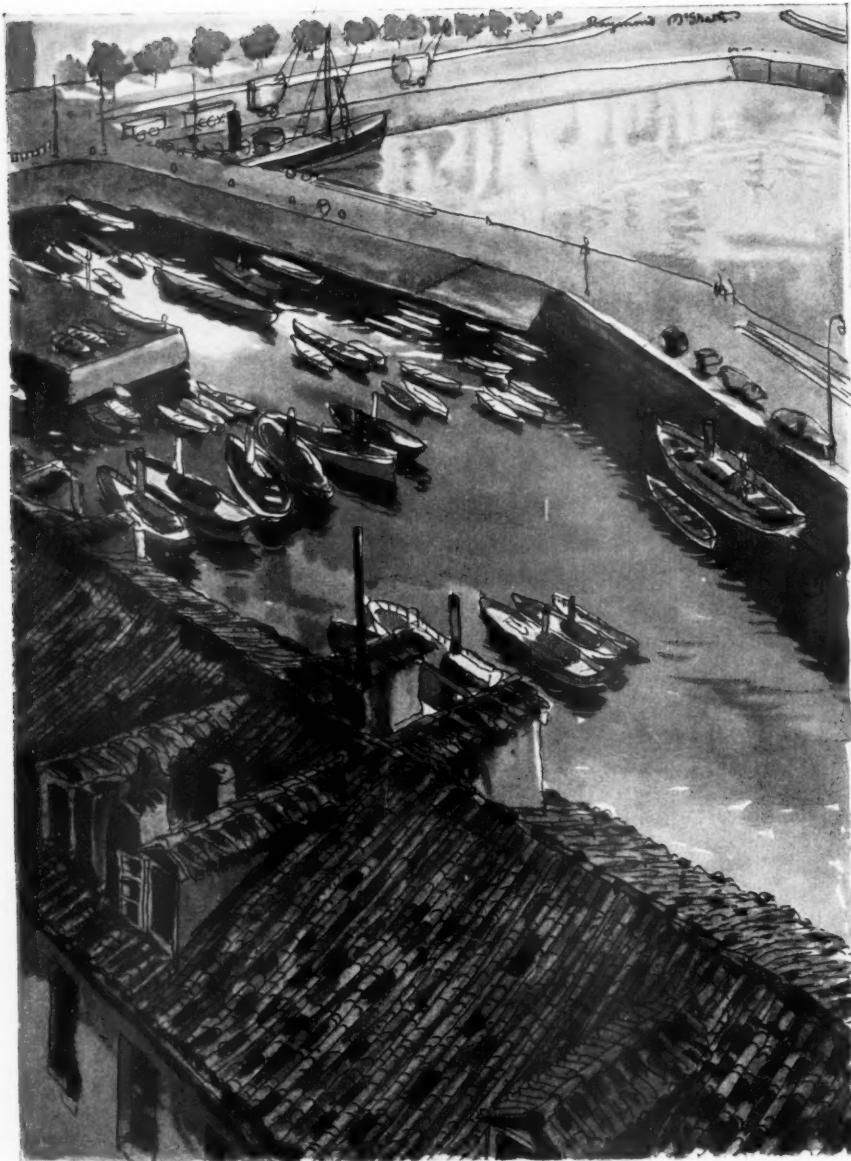
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SAN SEBASTIAN  
Fishing-boats in the Old  
Harbour.  
PLATE I.  
August 1928.

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# Spanish Moonshine

## SOME FRAGMENTS OF A TRAVEL DIARY

RAYMOND MCGRATH



**G**EVEN BAD POETS, YOU KNOW, ARE INSPIRED BY SPAIN! So I sat down the other day to write a poem about almost oriental Valencia. I began it thus:

Say Moon, how have you left Valencia?  
How are the fifty domes and all those towers  
Standing up still and graciously like flowers?  
There is a wild fandango in my brain  
Splashing like music of a Summer rain,  
Wearing the song of dole's lovely shawl  
With passion-vines and roses.

But I wrote no further (God knows what I should have done about the next rhyme!) for, at the word "roses", I was rudely interrupted by the arrival of my two most sardonic friends. I will make no apology to you for the banality of such a beginning. I was foolish enough to make excuses on that occasion however. My friends dissected this Hispanic fragment mercilessly. They wrote parodies. They drew ridiculous pictures of my fifty domes, numbered from left to right, and, seizing with particular glee upon my opening words, they hit upon the notion of calling me "S'Moon", a name I have since become enamoured of. I have often tried to give these sardonic friends of mine some hint of the curious fascination of Spain, and now I humbly offer them, and you no less sincerely, these fragmentary glints of Spanish moonshine from the land near the stars.



Calle de Urbina, San Sebastian.

Monday, August 8, 1927.

We entered upon the Iberian quarter of our travels almost exactly at midnight. It was a calm southern midnight and there is nothing quite like the swift sensation of crossing, under a starry sky, an invisible frontier into a new country. The romantic armour, that seems suddenly to have invested one person, then

reflects, with a peculiar brightness, all such stellar luminaries. It had rained at Bordeaux and our only excitement had been Le Corbusier's suburban settlement looking like a newly alighted flock of aeroplanes. The interminable pine-forests had induced a somnolence that not even the magic of our Spanish phrase-books could dispel. Biarritz had been no more than a glimpse of watery lights and at last we had reached Irún. At Irún, with Spanish courtesy, the San Sebastian train waited a patient quarter of an hour (with only occasional snorting and whistling noises). We, during that time, achieved the rescue of two distressed damsels, changed five francs into centimos (for we had only five French francs left between us) and adjusted our Billetes Kilometricos for the railroad. "O do help us", they said. "We want to know if there is a hotel in Irún where we can stay the night. We have explained it all to them in Spanish and all they do is stand and look at us." Voodoos responded magnificently. He is infinitely dependable in all chivalrous circumstances. Now, to the accompaniment of lusty Castilian voices, we rattle to our first Spanish destination. And there, with less ceremony than they expended upon the first Christians, we are delivered to the lions. They pad from all the hotels and fonda's of San Sebastian. "Hotel! Hotel!" the great shout shakes the arena. We survey, in a weary amazement, a sea of faces and dingy chariots. We are the ticketed victims. Babel terrifying and deafening! "¡Hotel, Hotel! Busca Vd un hotel? Hotel, Hotel; Albeniz, Casino, Ezcurrena, Rome, Rusia, Palacio, Continental, Internacional!" We lower our belaballed baggage to the pavement, never relinquishing; desperately aware. A sudden hush. A beady-eyed, walnut-complexioned Spaniard squeezes through to us. A gesture of great power. "I speak French. Interested silence. Nothing undaunted. I speak French. Vous pouvez voir une chamb' par di' peseta", petit; v's pauez offre' sep'ou si' peseta!" His French is all gone! He vanishes away. Greater hush. A still greater tout. He slides in to us. He radiates. Yellow teeth shine. Garlic unfolds. Confidentially, but very audibly: "Hola, están solos Vds. Tengo cuarto á siete pesetas con señoritas. Todos Todos!" Merriment, like an explosion, convulses



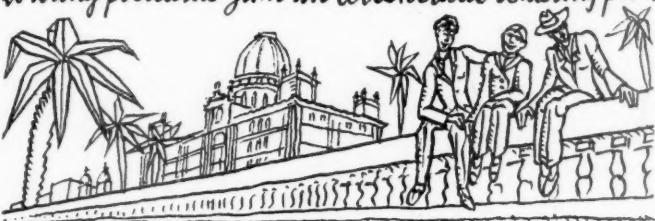
our audience of ragamuffins, and here we are suddenly and graciously rescued by a formidable and unshaven extravert—the awful shape of "Moses." Moses speaks not a word. Luggage tumbles into his chariot. A howl of applause and we are crossing over the Rio Urumea and into the Promised Land at forty miles an hour. Moses has a hotel in the Calle de Uribia. We pass his seven spittoons on the blue and white tiled stair. We go down his creaky corridor into our three insignificant rooms. Then Moses spake unto us: "This is the land." We rejoiced not. It is now near two a.m. We famish. In the dining-room Moses sets out two plates of raw ham and rolls, salchichón or smoked sausage and Madrid beer. Himself sits at our elbow, with a glass of water from a porous bottle, watching us intensely. Questioned Voodoos tells him we are "pobres estudiantes", (diplomatic emphasis on the "pobres"), come to study and draw his beautiful architecture. He is severely puzzled. Voodoos tells him also that he is a "buen hombre", slapping him on the back; "Bueno, Bueno, estudiantes!" Jim, who is tired and temporarily unsympathetic about the language, murmurs caustically: "For Heaven's sake put his head in a bag!" Myself I make valiant attempts to converse in the language and finally content myself with appearing to relish the national sausage, which prompts me to close this entry on a note of warning. Wise men do not eat salchichón on their first night in Spain.

*San Sebastian. Monday night.*  
Breakfast, ordered at nine, comes at twelve after a furious search. Moses keeps a distinctly unattractive establishment by daylight. His bathroom windows open into a drying-yard and have no vitreous substance in them to speak of. Cold water comes indiscriminately out of hot tap and cold tap.

Great numbers of withered old ladies, dressed in funereal black, constantly mop the corridors. But the playa of San Sebastian! Everyone knows how beautiful that is. The great beach sweeps the bay with Monte Urgull and castles at its one end, and Monte Igeldo and lighthouses at its other. Santa Clara, the green island, stands between shore and open sea. Noble avenues of tamarisk trees, with foliage like sea-green ostrich feathers, accentuate long subtle curves of esplanade. Noble & luxuriant they are, and should be, for they are watered most generously by the municipality and the juvenile Spanish aristocracy, for gathering here in myriad with their nursemaids. Shade, still and drowsy. Argument profound—chiefly of family life. A good surf breaking on clean sands gay with curvings red, yellow, green, violet, amber; black with bathers like an ant-heap disturbed. A florid Casino and a royal bathing house—the Caseta Real. Warmth of sun, smell of spray, clear colours of water, screaming of seagulls and laughter of children make life worth living and San Sebastian worth loving.

Now to the old quarter of the town and the old harbour, as one expects, the most interesting part of San Sebastian. At the markets, threading our way through heaps of dead calves, squalling pigs under nets, baskets of live rabbits and leggy goat-skins of wine horribly inflated, we buy choice plachas and plums. Circautiously we pass the Pescadería, needing no scholarship to identify as fish-markets. Across the old and beautiful arched Plaza de la Constitución, formerly place of bull-fights. Rest awhile in Santa María. A Baroque doorway with the lavish vigour of which but this style and the Orient have been capable. Fluttering cupids toy with the draperies of an ecstatic Virgin in a shelly niche. Above her head a canopy is rampant with deliciously rebellious pediments. Santa María's twin towers are of the aristocracy of Baroque. We mount to that pleasant avenue below the fortress of Urgull and overlook the beach and puerto, eating peaches & plums. At dark to the Puyuelo to listen to the band. Under the trees cafés overflow into the square. Gay dresses, lights and music—the inevitable melody of San Sebastian; Harlequin its only saint.

*San Sebastian. Tuesday night, August 9.*  
Today by funicular to the top of Igeldo. Fine coast line and enchanting inland views. A lazy afternoon drawing the old harbour of fishing boats. The chief diversion a child rampant, frantically endeavouring to fall down on to the rooftops. Sitting after in the Puyuelo heard nine shots fired quickly in succession. We imagine that the king or the prime minister has been assassinated. An old gentleman cries out that it is "a cat with nine lives". Lovely night. Music sounding like fairy-tales in the open air. Back to Moses and the snobbery of writing postcards from an aristocratic watering-place.



## Calle de la Fuente Dorada, Valladolid.

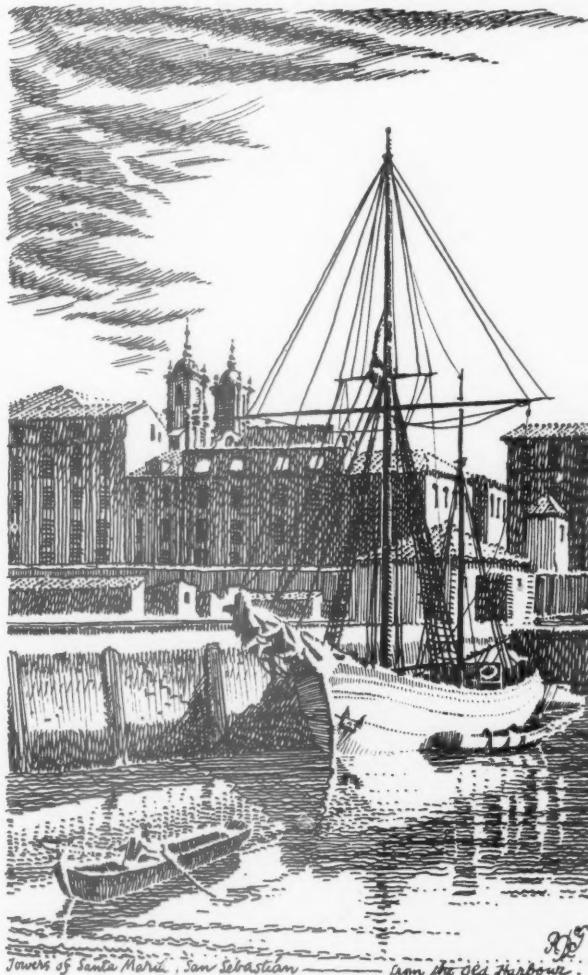
Wednesday, August 10.

**M**oses and Moab are behind us. We go south. "Feliz viaje, pobres estudiantes!" An old man carries our baggage to the station. He trudges without a murmur. We repeat our bargain and double his price. His gratitude is touching. At ten o'clock it is already very hot. At the Estación del Norte two dozen travellers sit on the railway lines where there is a streak of shade. Train arrives early and leaves at ten minutes before time. Ticket office, according to Spanish custom, opens casually a quarter of an hour before the official arrival time.

We are away. Steep hills and deep valleys and the trees slanting long shadows down the slopes. Threading many tunnels the river Oria is crossed and recrossed fifteen times. At Zumárraga a girl cries: "Cuarenta centimos bizcochos. Cuarenta centimos bizcochos!" Delightful sing-song! Sponge wafers made with honey they are. Afterwards we buy almendras tostadas, sweet toasted almonds. Limonada completes our repast. Zumárraga passed, the Urola valley astonishes our expectations. Hill upon blue hill, northward and far northward receding, and not quite vanishing. White villages below, like sheep in the folds of the hollows. We descend from the mountains to the Zadorra, an upper reach of the Ebro that flows far to Zaragoza and Tortosa. What symphonies of colour from Miranda to Valladolid, in the uplands of Castile! Cornfields stretch out their level paddocks to the summery ranges of the hills that white and pale as bleached bone show stains of pale orange and lemon and velvet grays and cinnamon. Hills like great flat wigwams show hatched gigantically with fields. Sky intense and cloudless. Water motionless in the river-beds, like deep glazed ultramarine of Ming porcelain. Hay-wagons jerking slowly. Hay, like shreaded gold, scattered to farm-house dots. Churches miraculously spired. Castles perched cunningly on smooth slopes. Towns plated with dust, gray as old silver. A tapestry endlessly unwinding. At Burgos we peer across the flat town at rich jutted spires and crumbling castles. But a few minutes to stare, and away. At four thirty Valladolid. Brilliant sunshine and air like hot glass. We trudge down the dusty avenue in the tree-shade and rest in the garden café by the Campo grande to sip, reflectively, a glass or two of coffee. Pleasant coolness of shivering lime boughs. Gentle airs showering the cream starry lime-flowers in our glasses. They carpet the ground. Away then, refreshed, to find our hotel. Past the lions of the university sunning in the hot sunlight. Past cathedral doors and Fuente Dorada splashing a cool music. Confidently we attempt to take rooms at the Casino and are then directed to our Hotel Moderno. The brason townhall bells seem to ring on our balcony. We settle down. At dinner we meet an historical American spinster. She knows everything there is worth knowing of Columbus and of thirty three million documents in the archives at Simancas. A very modest, agreeably-charming lady she is. So learned! So lacking in ordinary intuitions! Miss X says we are the only three architects who ever have, and probably ever will have, "overstepped Burgos in cold blood". We have instructions to go to ten villages more or less mixed up with Columbus.

A bock or two after supper. Dusty shoes undergo renascence by a limpiabotas under the plaza arcades. To the Campo Grande, now like a hive. Bands; music in cafés; El Manton de Manila. Sweet voices; petals of the lime-trees; clear skies dusted with stars. Talk of love, talk of ideals, and then comfortable sleepiness. Essence of all the dreams distilled of Valladolitana. Inbling home Voodoos drowsily reminds us of the Spanish proverb: "God gives us walnuts when we have no teeth."

Valladolid; Thursday. August 11. Valladolid crowds close in about its cathedral. Out of a narrow street you come suddenly upon a sheer façade, with grass-grown ledges and cornices, before which there is merely an abbreviated flight of steps and a narrow space of sunken and irregular paving. Through a door studded with fine star-shaped bolts, you plunge into a gray, dark and cold interior of plain granite, as a fish would swim suddenly out of brighter waters into some shady cave. Most sombre and in all ways magnificent, this is yet only a fragment of the great design Herrera made. Juan de Juni's lost retablo falls in cascades like an intricate bank of delicate corals, crowded with figures all so vigorously carved that they should be as famous as the work of Michelangelo, and would be if they were singled out and seen apart, rather than bulk.



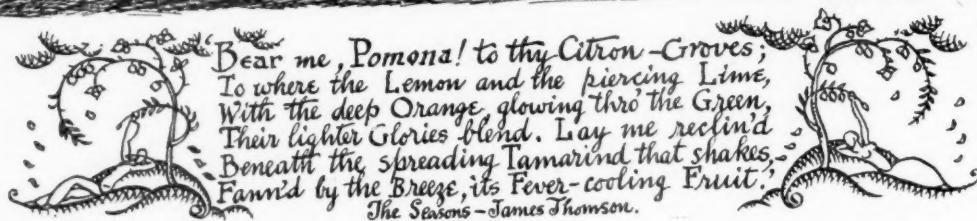
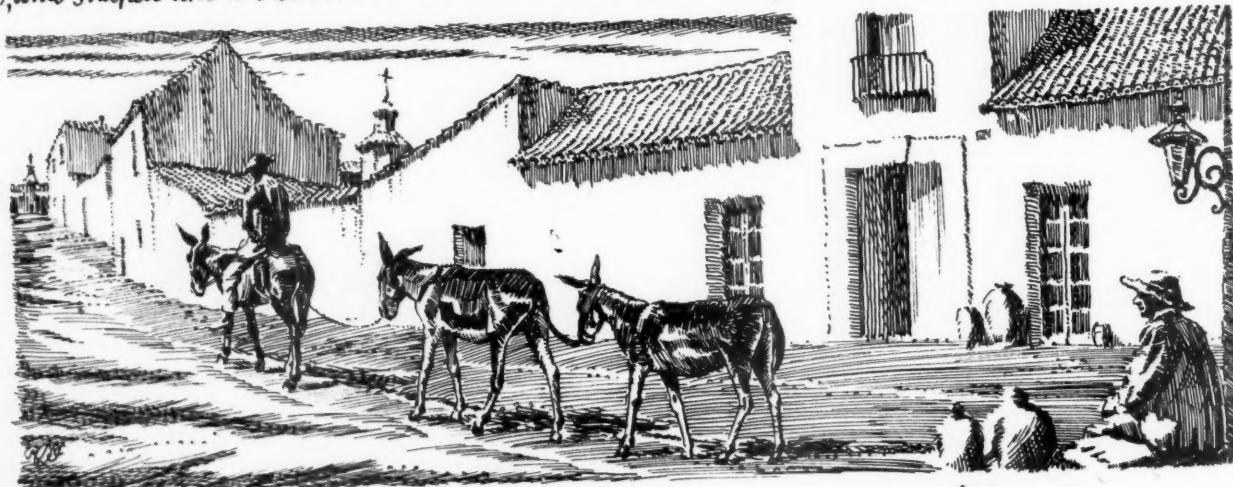
Towers of Santa María, San Sebastián from the sea harbour.



Over the choir a very notable organ-case, itself a minor cathedral of carved lime-wood, with fan-shaped clusters of horizontal pipes, realizes the hackneyed epithet of "frozen music." A great forged reja, crowned with bunches of lilies and heraldic devices beautifully silhouetted against the transept's watery radiance. A fat priest, wearing a small rakish black cap, comes and speaks to us. He moves like an eel, bonelessly. "Ustedes están Australianos, entonces. ¡Ja, ja, ja!" I shall show you the monument-room and the heavy silver vessels. Put on your hats. In here it is cold. We follow through a dozen dim rooms, up and down steps. Great cupboards sag upon walls thick with dark and wrinkled paintings, none of them in frames, all dusty and ragged though appearing of surpassing value. The monument-room is larger and higher. Here the priest unlocks an immense cupboard. Its misfitting door is lined with felt, once green, now a dirty, faded yellow, miserably torn. In this cupboard writhes a chaos of silver vessels, many set with precious stones, stacked carelessly upon each other. From the heap our fat priest selects a piece of plate famous throughout Europe—a silver custodia made by Juan de Arphe in 1590—extremely heavy, about six feet high, and shaped like a baldacchino. The tower-like

top of it is hung with little bells. To impress the carillon upon us he hits the custodia a mighty thud with the palm of his hand. Dozens of bells tinkle merrily. The structure I suppose remains unimpaired. "Tocan, Tocan!" he says and spits into a crevice in the corner of the floor. His accuracy is considerable. Then he takes from the custodia the precious statuette of Adam and Eve and puts it into our hands that we may feel the weight of it. Weight is the criterion of his values, his obsession. Subsequently he shows us the crystal cross of Roca and two beautiful chalices set with red, blue and emerald stones. The crystals in the cross are not at all secure. But the cross is shaken vigorously to denote its workmanship. What craftsmanship to do this. Can I but think sadly: "Tis death, my soul, to be indifferent."

The Colegio de Santa Cruz is now the provincial museum. It holds one of the most notable collections of Spanish wood polychrome sculpture. Few rooms are more beautiful than the long blue gallery containing white & palely gilded carvings of Berrueco, saved from San Benito when wrecked and pillaged by Napoleon's soldiers. Adoration of the Magi and Sacrifice of Isaac are the best of them. When I look back upon Valladolid I guess I shall remember most clearly La Virgen de la Piedad, a 15<sup>th</sup> century polychrome in white chalk-stone, rescued only recently from the rubbish of the cellars. She is singularly beautiful and expressive—a miracle of tenderness. The superb choir stalls of San Benito are here too. I look at them wistfully, feeling that no institution can ever have enlightenment, faith or money to commission furniture like it again; that no carver can ever have peace of mind to carve such things. The lime-wood panels (their carved parts are in walnut) are riddled and disfigured by borers. The museum keeper knocks up a seat, cracked and now unhinged, that we may see its carved underside. A little heap of powdered wood sifts gently from its pitted crevices to the floor. He taps the dust thoughtfully with his foot, and remarks stoically: "All beautiful things cannot be expected to last forever."



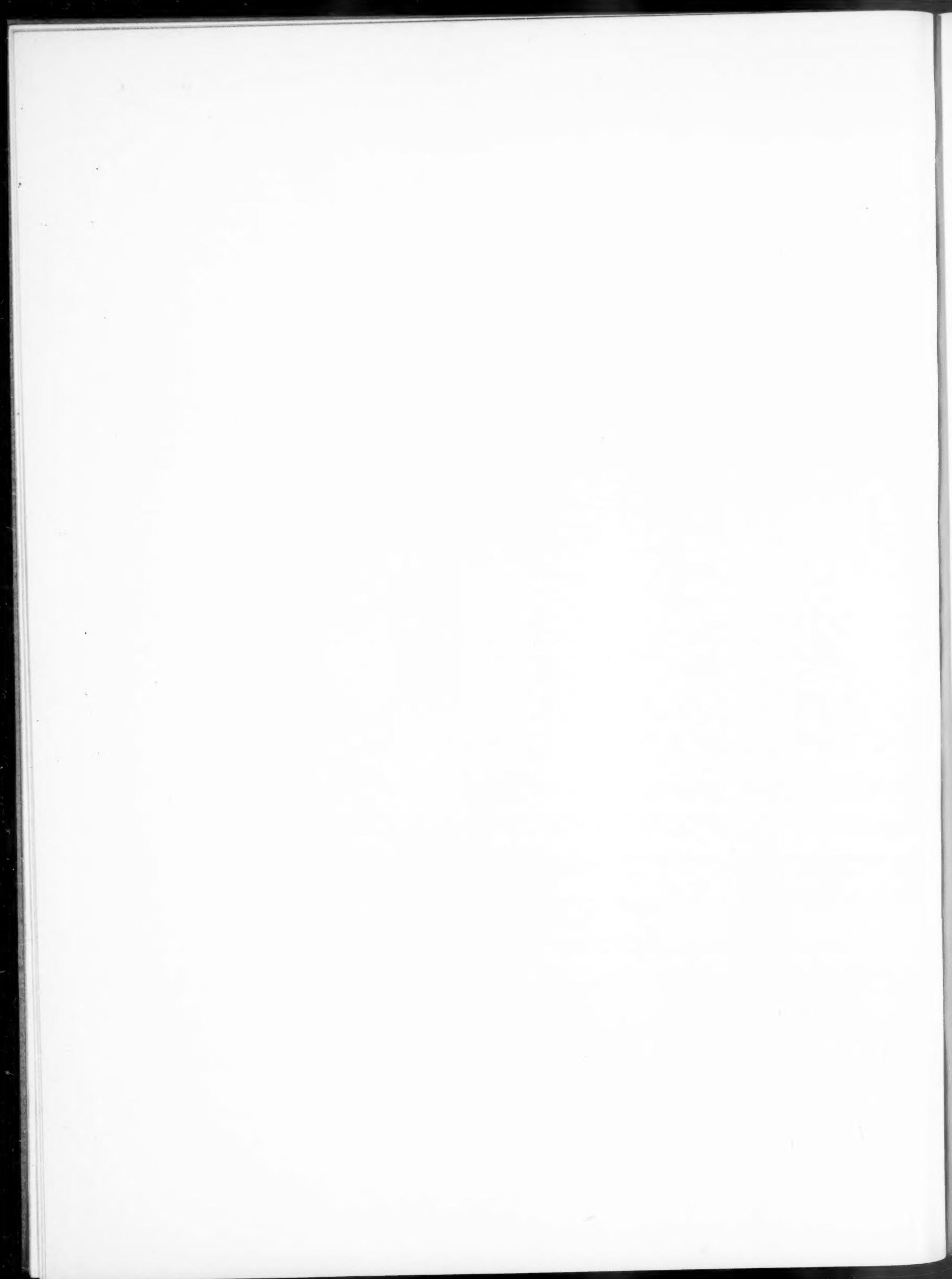


Raymond D. Grath.

VALLADOLID.  
The University lions &  
Herrera's Cathedral Tower.

PLATE II  
August 1928.





## Pietro Torrigiano.

### Craftsman

PETRO TORRIGIANO was born in Florence in 1472, and as a boy was one of that remarkable group of pupils who owed their training to the patronage of Lorenzo the Magnificent. In the famous Medici Gardens of San Marco, where the loggia contained a rich collection of sculptures, Torrigiano, along with Michelangelo and Lorenzo di Credi, was taught drawing and modelling by Bertoldo, the Florentine sculptor. "He was by nature," Vasari explains, "of an excessively choleric and haughty disposition; powerful and robust in person, he was so violent and overbearing that he was perpetually offending his fellow-students to whom he not unfrequently offered outrage in deed as well as in word." Both Benvenuto Cellini and Vasari tell the famous incident of his quarrel with the young Michelangelo and the blow by which the latter was disfigured for life. Torrigiano himself told the episode to Benvenuto years later, after he had returned from England.

Having broken Michelangelo's nose, Torrigiano was forced to leave Florence hastily in order to escape from Lorenzo's anger. For some time he seems to have worked for the Pope on the decorations of the Appartamenti Borgia in the Vatican. From this employment he turned to the career of a mercenary soldier, in which his prowess brought him much credit. He fought with Duke Valentino in Romagna and under Paolo Vitelli in the war against Pisa. He was with Piero de Medici at the battle of the Garigliano in 1503, "where he obtained a pair of colours with the reputation of being a brave standard bearer."

After a good deal of experience as a hired soldier he apparently decided that his craftsmanship would bring him greater rewards. He returned eventually to Florence and executed various small pieces of sculpture which he was able to sell to merchants in that city. By some of these he was finally persuaded to try his fortune in England. Henry VII was himself much interested in the arts, and the new styles of Renaissance ornament were beginning to interest wealthy and cultivated patrons in this country. The contract for the tomb of Henry VII and his consort, in which the Italian is described as "Peter Torrisany," has survived. In 1521 he was engaged to make "well, surely, clearly, workmanly, curiously, and substantially" for £1,500, a tomb of marble with "images, figures, beasts, and other things of copper-gilt." So was begun the most ambitious work of monumental sculpture wrought in England during the Renaissance period. It seems to have been completed about 1518. The tomb of Margaret of Richmond in the south aisle of Henry VII's chapel is also quite obviously Torrigiano's work, and so is the monument to Dr. John Yong (1467-1516), Master of the



The monument to Dr. John Yong.

### Swashbuckler.

Rolls and Diplomatist, formerly in the Chapel of the Rolls and now in the museum of the Public Record Office.

Torrigiano's career in this country has found a place in fiction. "Hal o' the Draft," the English, Renaissance craftsman, who appears in Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies," talks to Mr. Springett about the craftsmen of his day. "By the same token, did you ever hear o' one Torrigiano—Torrisany we called him?"

"I can't say I ever did. Was he a Frenchy like?"

"No, a hectoring, hard-mouthed, long-sworded Italian builder, as vain as a peacock and as strong as a bull; but, mark you, a master workman. More than that—he could get his best work out of the worst men."<sup>1</sup>

For the work on Henry VII's tomb Torrigiano required the co-operation of skilled craftsmen from his native city. He returned to Florence and there tried to persuade Benvenuto Cellini to accompany him back to England and help in the work. If Cellini, that outrageous swaggerer, found his arrogance intolerable, then Condivi, Michelangelo's biographer, has perhaps justified his character of Torrigiano—"uomo bestiale e superbo." Cellini refused. Two egomaniacs could hardly be expected to please one another; also he did not wish to live among "such beasts as the English." The autobiography contains a very vivid picture of Torrigiano: "This Torrigiano was a handsome man, of consummate assurance, having rather the air of a bravo than a sculptor; above all, his fierce gestures and his sonorous voice, with a peculiar manner of knitting his brows, were enough to frighten every one that saw him; and he was continually talking of his valiant feats among those bears of Englishmen."

From England Torrigiano journeyed to Spain. It has been plausibly suggested that he hoped to obtain the commission for a tomb for Ferdinand and Isabella. In Seville, however, his savage temper brought his career to a grisly conclusion.

The Duke of Arcas, according to the accepted story of the affair, attempted to deceive Torrigiano over the payment for a statue of the Virgin and Child which he had ordered from him. In a violent outburst of rage the sculptor smashed the work of his own hands. For such an impious outrage he was duly arraigned before the Inquisition and condemned to death and torture. In 1532, while in prison in Seville, he is said to have starved himself to death. It was a melancholy end to a life, tempestuous, brilliant, and altogether characteristic of his mighty times. In him, as in Cellini, wonderful craftsmanship was curiously blended with the temperament of a monstrous swashbuckler.

<sup>1</sup> Rudyard Kipling: "Rewards and Fairies." *The Wrong Thing*.

# The Psychology of Eastern Monasticism. *Its Relation to the Twentieth Century.*

By Robert Byron.

## I—Mass.

MUCH has been written of the spiritual affinity—even, through El Greco, the actual relationship between the painting of the modern and the Byzantine ages. But outside this province, or more accurately the whole province of representational art, the trail has not been followed. Save in Constantinople and Ravenna, all the surviving monuments of the Byzantines are difficult of access; and, other than ecclesiastical, little of their architecture and decoration remains. But there exists, upon a long, naturally fortified promontory in the Northern Aegean, one stronghold intact of this vanished civilization—a stronghold that has conserved not only the material fabric of the past, but its spirit in addition; so that in form and colour a building constructed last year is in reality the product of six centuries before. This is Mount Athos, a monastic republic nearly a thousand years old, the general features of which are already familiar to readers of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW (cf. vol. lvi, No. 336, November 1924). Here the Byzantine life that once held sway over all Asia Minor, the Balkans, and the Aegean seaboard endures unchanged. And here alone can its relationship with the present, which is now sending Russia, child of Byzantium, artistically to the fore, be gauged.

It is possible, if the existence of progress be admitted, to define it in terms of that goal of life which distinguishes man from the animals: the attainment of the abstract. From this assumption it might at first appear that the people farthest advanced toward man's ideal state are those monastic communities of India and Thibet who have incontrovertibly—on the evidence—obtained a command over matter as inexplicable to the ordinary European as an animal's sense of smell. But man's progress must be general, not the province of particulars; it must carry "the women and children," the exigencies of earthly existence with it. And here lies that fundamental distinction between the Byzantine and Western medieval temperaments which is the key to the understanding of all East Christian art and, indeed, to this day, of all Eastern Europe and the Levant.

The aims of man are two: material and abstract. In the scheme of Western medieval society these two were separated. Either men chose to seek God, in which they retired to the cloister; or else they bore the full heat of those hard days, leaving the work of their salvation to the proxy of the Latin



The Monastery of STAVRONIKITA,  
Mount Athos.

Church. With pious foundation and endowment they paid liberally for services rendered and for the avoidance of that imminent reality, the flames of hell. The Byzantines, in exact contrast, strove to interweave the material and the abstract. It was their aim not to bottle away the new spirituality introduced by Christianity in the keeping of buildings and persons apart; but rather to impregnate with it every action and particle of their lives. They, too, had their monastic communities, richer, more numerous even than those of the West. But in a world

where every thought was concerned with the Above, these were not isolated, but of that world. The religion of the West was obvious: either seeking God directly, or else deputing that process to an institution. That of the East was subtle: an attempt to reconcile in each individual human life the diverse forces of worldly and spiritual aspiration. In this psychological gulf, which divides the two, lies the explanation of their respective architectures.

Enter a Gothic cathedral. The eye is swept by rows of pillars to Jerusalem, by interminable soaring arches to heaven, with a kind of brute impetus—beautiful, perhaps, but as emotionally simple as "Rule, Britannia"! And, as witness to the inability of this ecclesiastical architecture to adapt itself to the utilitarian, what more convincing than the pettiness, the fretted battlements and superfluous crockets of Oxford and Cambridge colleges? Go now, in contrast, to St. Sophia; the building swims about the beholder as though, rather than being on a journey to heaven, he has arrived. Like a Bach fugue, it is scarcely comprehensible at first contact. In the perfection of the whole, the lines of construction are invisible. It seems not to rise from earth, but to have been let down from heaven. This shadowless, misty interior is the true achievement of the abstract in architecture. But it was not only, as with the Gothic, into their temples of the spirit that the Byzantines infused the element of great inspiration. Turn to their domestic buildings, turn to Mount Athos; and a corresponding quality will be apparent.

In analysing the architecture of the twentieth century, the new architecture, which is assimilating those needs and forms of machinery against which Victorian aesthetics were in perpetual revolt, it is possible to term its underlying motive "movement in mass." This has been achieved domestically by neither the Gothic nor the Classical: the

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EASTERN MONASTICISM.

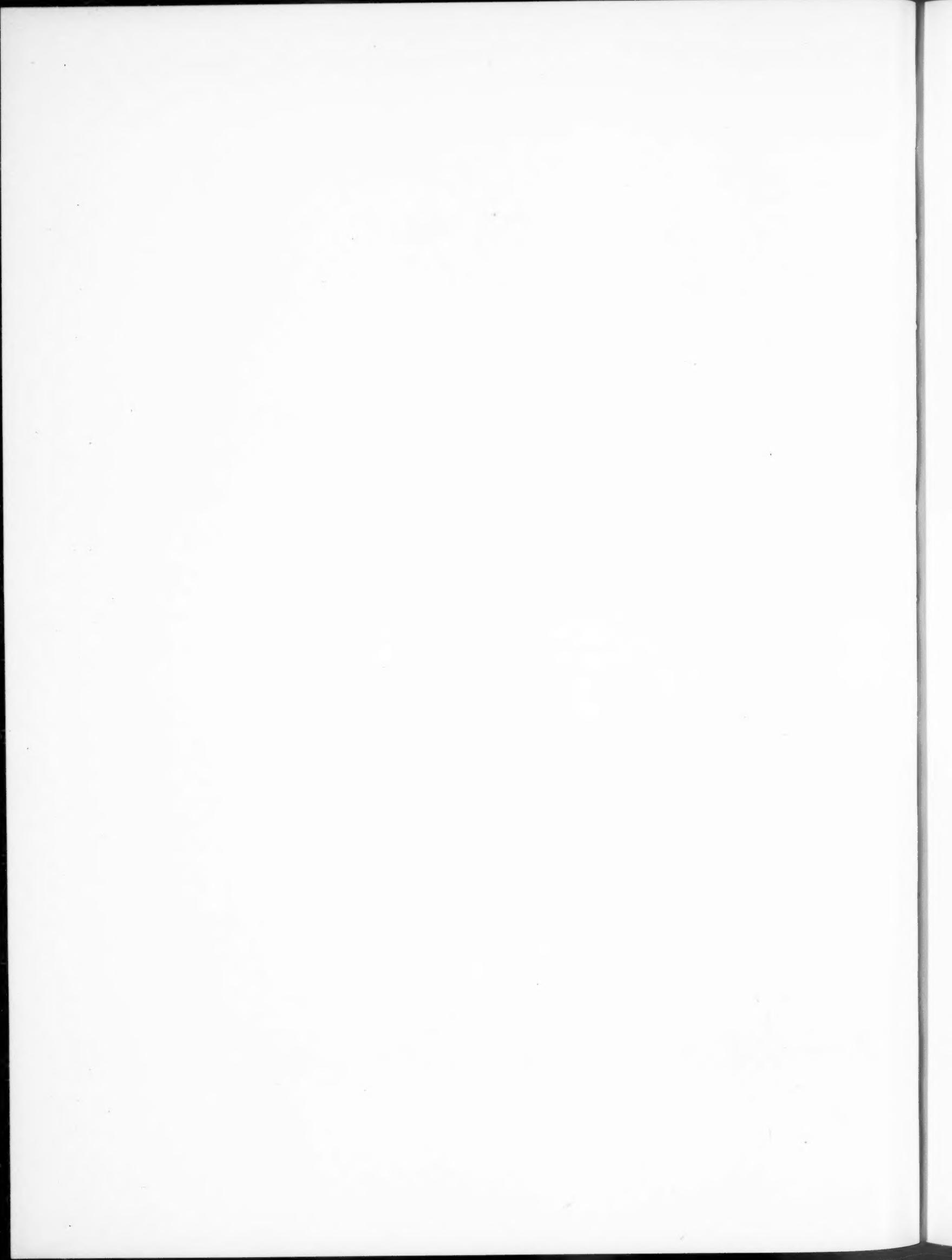


Plate III.

August 1928.

The Monastery of *SIMOPETRA*,







The *POTALA* at *LHASA* makes an extraordinarily interesting comparison with monasteries like that of *SIMOPETRA* on Mount Athos.

former being either mean—or else, as in the case of the Houses of Parliament, degenerating into lifeless textual ornament; the latter, employed till the last century with success, being wholly static. Today the new spirit may be observed in such diverse buildings as the later skyscrapers of New York, Liverpool Cathedral, the Town Hall at Stockholm, and the large block known as Adelaide House at the north end of London Bridge. To this companionship may be added St. Sophia, the outside of which, viewed impassion-

ately and without the minarets that do not belong to it, resembles nothing so much as some modern German laboratory characterized in the daily Press as the "last word in the revolutionary construction of the steel age." What, then, have all these in common, by what means is this movement in mass attained? The secret lies in uninterrupted stretches of flat, perpendicular surface; and the manipulation of perpendicular lines so that in fact or in appearance they are made to converge.



*ADELAIDE HOUSE*, London.



The Monastery of *SIMOPETRA*.



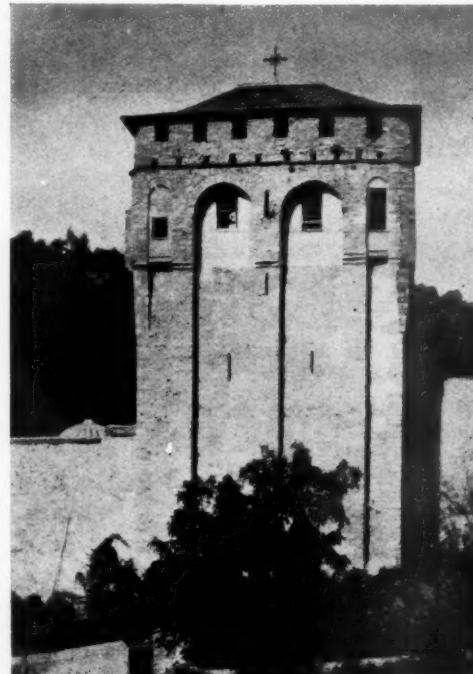
The Monastery of ST. PAUL.

Hence, therefore, the undisputed novelty of twentieth-century building. But there exist none the less two localities where a parallel style of architecture has developed and where the same abstract vigour informs buildings other than places of worship. These are contained, as if to confirm the other-worldliness of modern dynamics, within the two monastic dominions that the earth still possesses: the Byzantine community of the Holy Mountain, and that little-explored and little-understood table-land above the Himalayas, Thibet. Here, in comparatively modern times, have the holy men in their seclusion erected buildings to which only the London and New York of the last ten years can offer parallel.

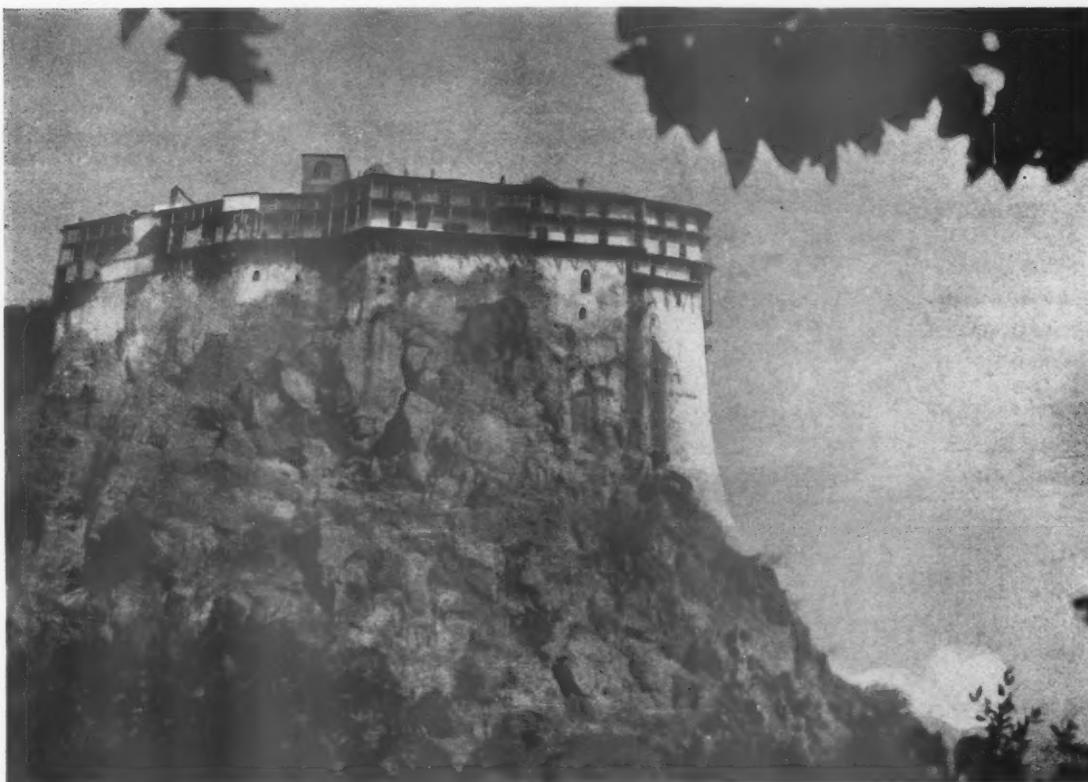
But the affinity between these two monastic republics is more than one of mere distinction politically from the rest of the world. The actual similarity in the form and colour of their buildings is due to more than coincidence. And though one is Christian and the other Buddhist, it is plain that the contemplative life, untrammelled by the Western doctrine of justification by works, is productive, no matter what its religion, of grand conception and grand execution when its devotees are engaged on material creation. None but the most inspired genius could have produced

the two buildings which in each stand out above all others: the monastery of Simopetra on Athos, and the Potala at Lhassa. And none but the same genius could have produced buildings so similar. Further, it must be remembered that these two, the table-land and the mountain, are not merely isolated communities of a few hundred such as we know in the West, but worlds within a world, capable of individual cultural development. To this day the Holy Mountain counts a population of 5,000 professing monks. Fifty years ago there were 10,000.

How far early Christian and early Buddhist monasticism were related is a question that has not been satisfactorily determined. There is a theory that the whole conception of the solitary life derived from pre-Christian Egypt. In any case, there is no doubt that in the twelfth century, when the Buddhist theocracy in Thibet was actually taking shape, Nestorian Christianity, which had spread by then even to Peking, had many flourishing communities adjacent. Some influence, it is supposed, must have been exercised by the already established religion in the formulating of a rule of life for those of the neighbouring creed who wished to give themselves to the eternal mysteries.



The tower of the Serbian Monastery of CHILANDARI.



*SIMOPETRA*, looking towards the sea.

Apart, however, from the historical consanguinity—if such, indeed, exists—of the two systems, a more important common factor has contributed to the moulding of their individuals' temperaments. The psychological relation between landscape and art is admitted: where but a country that contains Kent could have produced Reynolds? where but a land of sweeping browns and golds, Spanish Baroque? And how much more must the eternal panorama cast its spell over the soul of a monk who, day in, day out, contemplates nothing else? In these God-governed states, the grandeur of the country is unique. Of Thibet, even from photographs, it is possible to conceive the gigantic scale on which the land is cast, the enormous valleys stretching deeper and farther than the eye has ever seen, and the hills rising in vast, sweeping tiers, one after the other, in the distance. While to anyone who has sojourned beneath the Holy Mountain—who has watched its peak, 6,000 ft. sheer from the sea, white against the blue summer sky or magnet of fierce winter storms: has travelled the wooded ridges and sailed beneath the marble cliffs: who has gazed on the dim shapes of the horizon, Lemnos, Longos, and Thasos, colouring and paling to the time of day: and who has lived in sight of that inexorable sea, gleaming smooth

all colours of a pearl or silvery blue roughed by some haphazard puff of air; green turquoise, spitting up white horses in the clear, windy air; or leaden grey, pouring over its own troughs, clanging the shore in ear-filling monotony—to anyone who has experienced this whole combination of man-made and God-made individuality, there cannot but have come an intensification of his impulse toward the expression of indefinable, unanalysable emotion.

The quality of "movement in mass" is exhibited in some part or other by the majority of the Athonite monasteries, usually on that side facing the sea where they have to be buttressed up from a falling face of rock beneath. A superb example is the monastery of St. Paul (p. 54). A group of tall blocks supported on huge, convergent foundations and backed by a slender Byzantine tower and curving wall, the composition of which, tucked in a cleft which rises at one sweep from the sea to the very summit, seems to subordinate the whole terrific landscape to the furtherance of its lines and equilibrium. Another instance is the monastery of Stavronikita, illustrated on page 52. But it is more than the mere trick of exaggerated perspective on which the monastic builders have relied. It is by the avoidance of all suspicion of cornice or architrave, of any



The galleries of  
*SIMOPETRA*.



SIMOPETRA from behind.

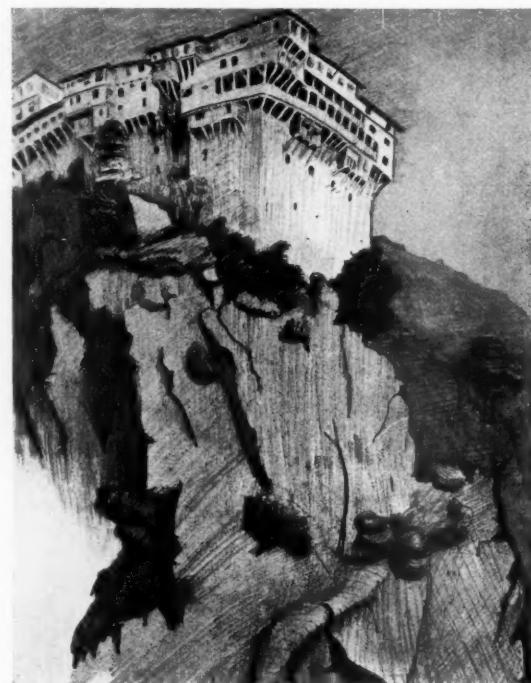
ornament that can disturb the sweep of the plain, massive walls, that the infusion of these supremely utilitarian structures with the abstract has been attained. Even in the tower of Chilandari, which is in actual fact top-heavy, the same impression of unquiet is reached with the long, unbroken lines of the buttresses (p. 54).

There remains, however, the one monastery of Simopetra, pre-eminent in its dynamic force, supernatural, awe-inspiring. Always famed by the infrequent travellers that visited the mountain, it was not until 1893, after a disastrous fire, that the buildings assumed their present form. Perched on a pinnacle of golden rock that springs into the light at the head of a perpetually shadowed gulch, 900 ft. sheer from the water, three gargantuan blocks rise one behind the other into the sky. The foremost meets the middle at an obtuse angle, the middle the hinder at an acute. The outlines of the walls seem to converge, almost to topple backwards, in their effort to reach beyond the power of gravity. From below one immense stone buttress, and the points of two cypresses perched precariously on a ledge, strain the harmonies of line to insensate activity (p. 55).

Each block is striped from centre to roof with wooden galleries, severe and unbroken, avoiding by their very com-

pleteness any interruption of the vital perpendiculars, yet simultaneously providing something with which the eye can fasten to the rushing mass. This elevation of the balcony from an ornamental frivolity to an integral part of the architectural whole is practised throughout the mountain, as shown in the accompanying sketches. Often, as at Dionysiou, the tiers of galleries, windowed and roofed, protrude each beyond the one below, as though to counteract the inward sweep of the foundation walls (p. 56).

Viewed from behind, Simopetra assumes an air of fantasy such as envelops Rhineland castles. The gigantic edifice, sprouting from the living rock, is hooked to the hill by a three-tiered, lace-like aqueduct. But it is from right down the gulley from the northwest that the spectacle passes the bounds of credibility. A huge contorted box, creamy gold and striped with the shadowed silver of oaken struts and planks, is rocketed into the brazen blue sky till it seems that the roof must clatter off the walls for the very tilt. Here is a building that has carried the quest of the immaterial to a point hitherto undreamt. No cubist nor vorticist, no artist-interpreter of Bolshevism, has designed, far less executed, its equal. The architects of tomorrow have still a model. (To be continued.)



The projecting balconies of the Monastery of DIONYSIOU.

We garner all the things that pass,  
We harbour all the winds may blow;  
As misers we upstore, amass  
All gifts the hurrying Fates bestow;  
Old chronicles of feast and show,  
Old waifs of bygone rune and rhyme,  
Old jests that made old banquets glow—  
We are the gleaners after Time!

We hoard old lore of lad and lass,  
Old flowers that in old gardens grow,  
Old records writ on tomb and brass,  
Old spoils of arrow-head and bow  
Old wrecks of old worlds' overthrow.  
Old relics of earth's primal slime,  
All drift that wanders to and fro—  
We are the gleaners after Time!

—From "A Ballad of Antiquaries," by Austin Dobson.

## The Magpie; or, The Futility of Collecting.

By Harry Johnson.

TUT-ANKH-AMEN, dying prematurely as a young man, was laid to rest within three coffins—the innermost of solid gold; and, pathetic in its simplicity, on the brow of the face on the outer coffin lay a tiny wreath of olive leaves, blue water-lily petals, and cornflowers, probably placed there as her last offering by the slender young widowed queen. A genuine "collector's piece" this, and would, if it had been auctioned, have fetched more from a Park Avenue millionaire than all the gold coffins in the world. For solid worth is not the standard of value in collecting; great age itself is not the standard: a small shoe worn by Queen Elizabeth is more precious than a large diamond, if newly mined, though obviously it be as old as the incandescent world. Your true collector likes something human, something that will conjure up for him the hands and faces of the generations, a sense of the Past. His frail hands are trying to catch at a shadow—Time.

By the use of acids and worm-holing, by skilful wear and tear, new furniture is artfully "antiqued" to imitate old. In his attempts to reproduce antiques the forger may be said to have analysed Time—to have resolved it into its components, the acid and the worm, the sun, wind, rain, the scouring particles of dust. For surely Time is nothing save in its effects. The "antique" dealer who can make all things old would appear as much master of Time as He who "makes all things new." He can put the hands of the clock forward! "Is it not but one more step," the antiquarian might eagerly ask, "to the day when we shall be able to *put the hands of the clock back?*"

The gramophone and the cinematograph have given new weapons to the collector: he can now hoard up sight and sound—things which had hitherto eluded him. But not by sight, hearing, nor any other of the six senses can he recapture the Past. We must put back the Universe to recover even yesterday.

\* \* \*

What is "hallowed ground"? Bones and encampments hallowed it at first; shall not more bones and bungalows hallow it again? And are not the old Roman camps in Britain now blent with Birmingham? Is there a grain of dust at Senlac that was there when the Normans came? The wind and the rain and the chemistry of earth renew the land as the sea and the air are renewed. Who shall say of a particular sea that it is very old? Even with the human body, not one particle is the same as it was five years ago.

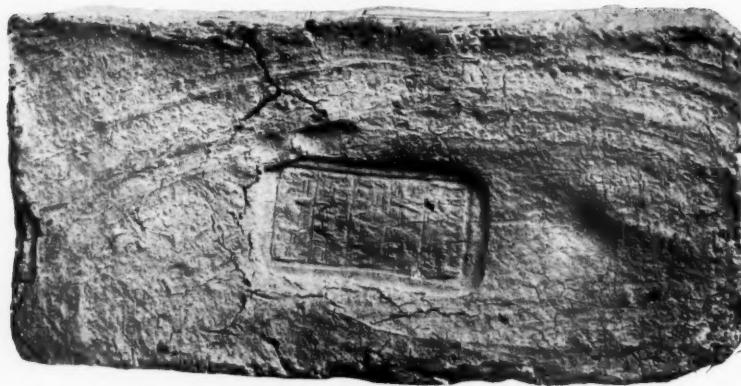
The hand may have the same shape, the same look, the fingers seem the same, yet much of the hand of even yesterday is dead. Every piece of skin, every bone, every atom of flesh has died, been carried away, and replaced in the same order. Molecule after molecule dies in rapid succession, in bone as well as in blood. The formation alone is the same. Of land or ancient skeleton, what, then, do we preserve?

What is "patina"—so prized on old things? Why should it be wicked to sandpaper the polish off an old chair? Is not the mellowing effect sheer dirt? Because Polly upset the coffee-pot in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, shall the stain be preserved for evermore?

What shall be done with all the things collected?—"china, tobacco pipes, door handles, iron railings, bedsteads, clavichords, buttons, lamps, vases, sherds, bones, Babylonian and Hittite tablets, the Moabite stone, the autographs and MSS., scarabs, coins, Nineveh's Winged Bulls"?—all within the British Museum now, yet we are only at the beginning of things. (Indeed, there would seem to be a danger of the Present becoming so gorged with the Past, as to burst and be nothing at all.) Already we have such books as the *Aslib Directory* to make the resources of all the multifarious specialist libraries scattered up and down the country available for the general purposes of research. For we cannot now hope to know all that is to be known about even one small subject—if we can point vaguely to where can be found everything, we have done well.

\* \* \*

For the true collector, life is just so much raw material to be caught, polished, and preserved. To be preserved! That is it! To possess something that has lasted since the beginning of Time and that will continue to last—for ever! Heartache may come at times with the uneasy thought that there are things more enduring than man; but again triumph will come with the thought of clutching within the human hand that which will go unchangeable, indestructible, down the years. But here is the futility of all collecting—the hoarding of orange peel (which was the queer line of Samuel Johnson) or the conservation of St. Paul's. For is there *anything* that will, as granite is reputed to, "last for ever—and a little longer"? In oil paintings, where is the elixir of life, the perfect oil, which will ensure even centuries of unimpaired existence? In watercolours the glycerin dries out and leaves the pigment a mere dust to rain from the surface. Where is the building stone that



A four-thousand-year old Babylonian brick in the possession of  
Stanley Hall, Esq.

will not crumble (the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research cannot tell you); the literature that will not die? (For even music and languages die. Is the marriage music of Ancient Egypt intelligible to us? Will the people of three or four hundred years hence be able to make head or tail of our language as it is spoken today? The *Oxford Dictionary* itself during the forty-four years of its publishing has become out of date. Yet books are said to be temples more permanent than monuments or even pantheons.) Does not all art depend for its existence on purely material conditions? And is there, in matter, anything constant but change? "Men's Workes have an age like themselves; and though they outlive their Authors, yet have they a stint and period to their duration," wrote Sir Thomas Browne. And again (this time in *Urn Burial*): "There is no antidote against the opium of time." The conservation of matter was regarded once as a corner-stone of physics, another being the conservation of energy, and now both these supports have been struck away.

Now, since nothing will last for ever, it would seem reasonable to accept it so, making and keeping only those things that are useful to ourselves, nor striving to impose more upon posterity than can be changed with changing times. It has been charged, indeed, against modern builders that they do not build, as was once done, to last for centuries; but we ought not to want them to do so. A land overbuilt with old castles of but recreational interest is no more beautiful, and far more of a nuisance, than paper-built Japan. We could put solid rubber tyres on a motor-car, and they would last longer than pneumatics; but we seek pleasure and comfort in driving, and only now are we realizing that a contrivance that is too well-made and costly to be scrapped for future improvements is more of an encumbrance than a joy.

\* \* \*

If you have ever tumbled across Wheeldale Moor in the North Riding in wild, whirling weather, you must certainly have been brought up sharply by the mile or two of boulder-built road that has been unearthed in the heather. It is but a fragment of a huge creation, but there it lies, unbroken by the elements, eighteen hundred years after some Roman engineer came and carved the name of Rome across these desolate hills, where no road has been since. You will grasp in a flash the power and reach of Rome far more surely than by gazing in a museum upon half a coffin and a hundred coins. For in the museum you see but through a

glass case—darkly, but on the moor face to face. A glove left lying on a table, a spade thrust into the soil, a spear or a rifle left forgotten on a battlefield—these things have the power to hypnotize and haunt. Untouched, they would lie like that for ever. Fearful thought! Or when found a thousand years later, the hand to touch them first must perforce tremble as if touching a hand of the dead. This is the Power of Antiquity, the lodestone that attracts the minds and the hearts of men. It is the sensation enjoyed by even the dryest archæologist—Layard in discovering his Assyrian sculptures, Schliemann his different strata of Troy, George Smith when he unearthed the Deluge Tablet, M. de Morgan at Susa when he found the Code of Laws engraved by Hammurabi on a stele four thousand years ago; Sir Arthur Evans at Knossos, Mr. Howard Carter and Lord Carnarvon in the Valley of the Kings.

\* \* \*

"Diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation." The collections of Horace Walpole and Lord Arundel are scattered, yet are there others to collect anew—Ephraim D. Jones, of Chicago; Abraham Lindenbaum, of Los Angeles. What is the strange magpie instinct that drives the dog to bury more bones than it can eat, men to hoard more things than they can ever use? Diogenes continually declared that for him three things sufficed: his cloak to clothe him, his staff to support him, his cup wherewith to drink. And one day, seeing a child drinking from a stream with its cupped hands, he cast even his cup away. Thoreau, finding a beautiful stone, brought it home with him and put it on his mantelpiece. When he discovered that it wanted dusting, with great good sense he threw it away.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?  
O sweet content!  
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?  
O punishment!

Why do men collect what must inevitably be scattered?  
Why do they conserve what must inevitably decay?

If you could bring her dead to life!  
The soldier lad; the market wife;  
Madam buying fowls from her;  
Tip, the butcher's bandy cur;  
Workmen carting bricks and clay  
On the business of a day  
Gone three thousand years ago—  
That you cannot: then be done,  
Put the goblet down again,  
Let the broken arch remain,  
Leave the dead men's dust alone.

"Babylon," by Ralph Hodgson.

## A Small Courtyard House, *Drifts, Oxfordshire.*

The House of J. D. W. Starke, Esq.



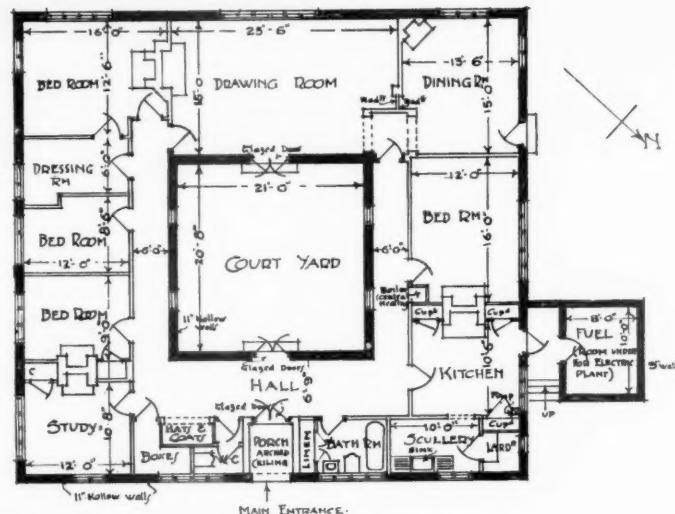
A VIEW FROM THE COURTYARD LOOKING THROUGH TO THE FRONT DOOR.

*Drifts* is situated in about 17 acres of woodland on the spur of a range at the highest part of the Chiltern Hills, directly above the village of Chinnor, on the borders of Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire. Externally the house is built as simply as possible, the owner preferring to concentrate on the interior decoration, but there is one very important and unusual feature. This is the courtyard round which the house is planned, an uncommon arrangement in England, but peculiarly suitable to a house like *Drifts*, of one storey.



One side of the house faces the prevailing winds and all the internal doors lead into the courtyard. On boisterous days the doors can therefore be opened while the windows are closed, thus eliminating much of the noise and discomfort of rushing winds. Direct sun, too, is possible from the courtyard during the early morning, and reflected sun during the remainder of the day.

The water supply is obtained from stored rain-water. The domestic hot water supply boiler is fitted in the coal cellar attached to the kitchen. The house runs its own electric light plant, which is enclosed below house level. The engine also pumps water to the house from the rain-water tanks, which are built within a few yards of the building.



The windows and doors to the courtyard are circular headed. Small raised lips are fitted to the roof as a solution to the unequal depths of the sides of the quadrangle. These lips were designed by Mr. N. B. Dale. It was first thought that the original steep lie of the ground could be made use of, but it was found necessary to make a cutting in the side of the hill and to build a plateau round a considerable portion of the house.



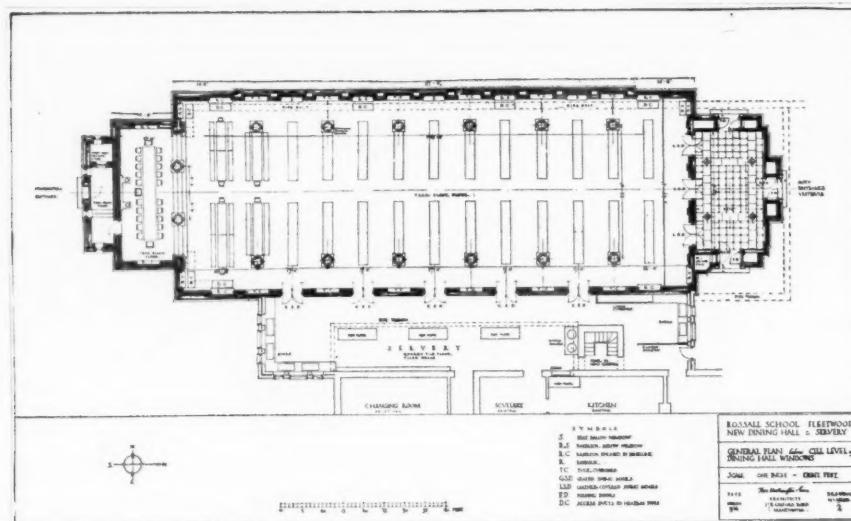
*The main room of the house has a bold cornice running round it and a stone fire-place. The doors are oak-panelled except one at the end of a corridor, which, to give the illusion of distance, is hung with tapestry. The furniture, which was designed by the owner, is made from amboyna, ebony, English yew, figured*



*and burr cherry wood, and walnut. The hangings are mostly loom and woven materials. Some of the carpets are Irish and Scotch hand-wove. The electric light fittings are of walnut burr and bronze. The ceilings of the rooms are of different heights, varying from 7 ft. 3 in. to 8 ft.*



*The house is centrally heated, the boiler for the radiators standing in a recess in one of the corridors. It is covered by a large grille door, the frame of which is of wrought iron made by the local blacksmith. The centre is filled with square metal trellis work, and is fixed to the vertical bars of the framework.*



## Rossall Dining-Hall. Designed by Thomas Worthington & Sons.

With Photographs by STEWART BALE.

The new dining-hall at Rossall School is one of a series of buildings which the governors have undertaken. It will, therefore, be a year or two before the general effect of the building scheme can be fully judged. A new wing is being built adjacent to the dining-hall, containing masters' common rooms and dormitories. When this is complete, what remains of the old headmaster's house, which at present hampers the long west end elevation of the new dining-hall, will be pulled down, and it will then be possible to lay out the grounds and complete the general plan.

The new dining-hall presented some interesting structural problems. Its site is close to the sea on the north Lancashire coast, near Fleetwood, so that it was not safe to go down deep with the foundations for fear of running sands. The foundations accordingly are in the form of shallow concrete rafts. From these rise the reinforced concrete columns which are an important feature of the interior, tied together by reinforced concrete beams which

form the entablature. The main structure of the building is thus a rigid frame. The external walls are of Ruabon silver-grey bricks in two tones, the soft and beautiful quality of which is emphasized by the white pointing. The large arch contains 2,500 special bricks. Indeed, the bricklaying shows a very high standard of craftsmanship and is a credit to the men who did the work. The base, string-course, coping, and dressings are of Portland stone, and there is vigorous heraldic and ornamental stone carving in Portland stone.

The plan is straightforward. At the north end is the school entrance, and at the south the headmaster's, with a raised dais and high table for himself and the prefects. The architects have placed the servery on the east side of the building, so that the food is distributed fanwise from the kitchen, through the servery and so to the dining-hall. It is difficult to obtain service in a hall of such a size if the servery is not placed on a long side of the building.



THE ARMS OF CARDINAL MILLER.  
By Earp Hobbs and Miller.



ROSSALL DINING-HALL.



Plate IV.

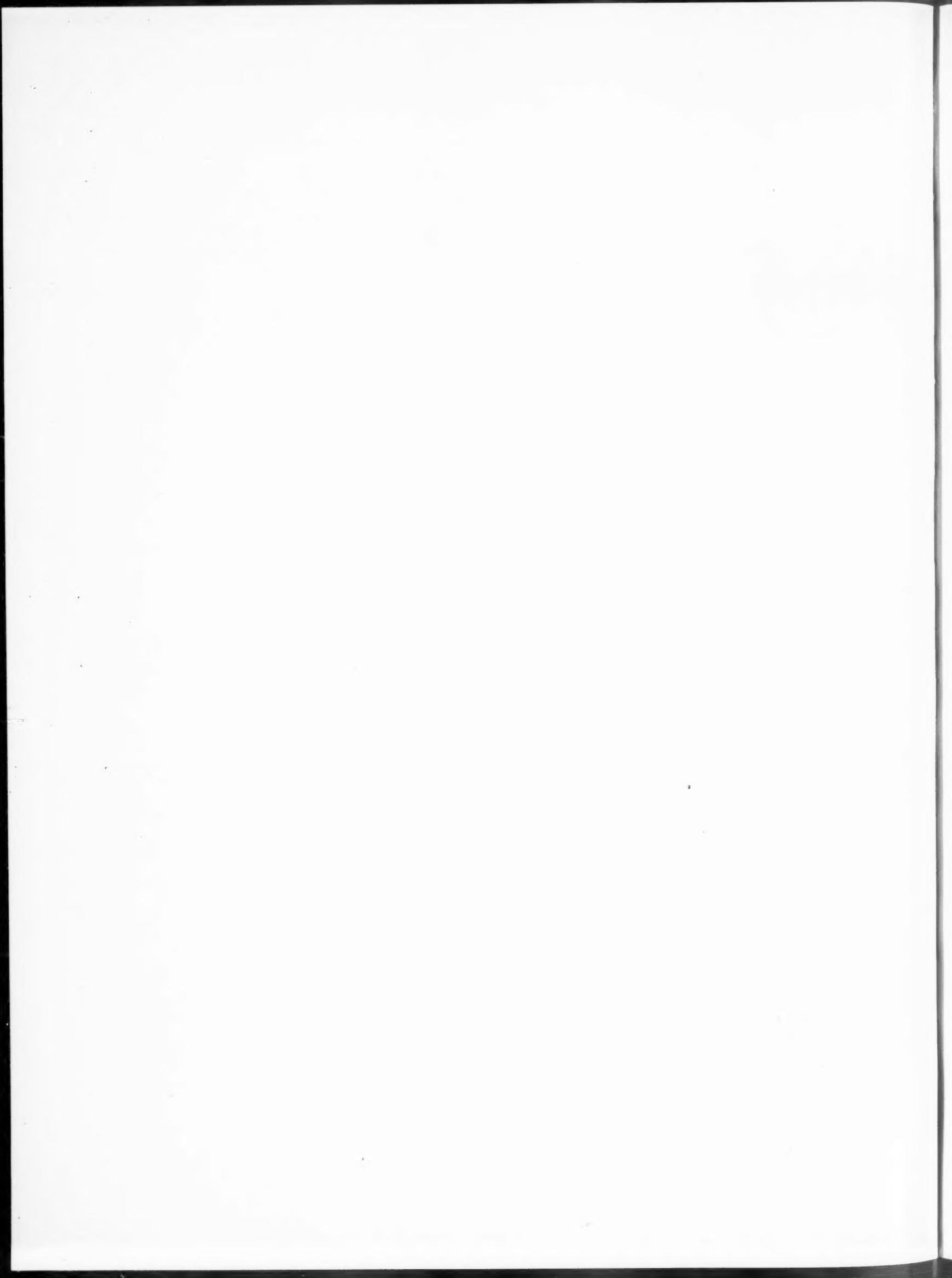
August 1928.

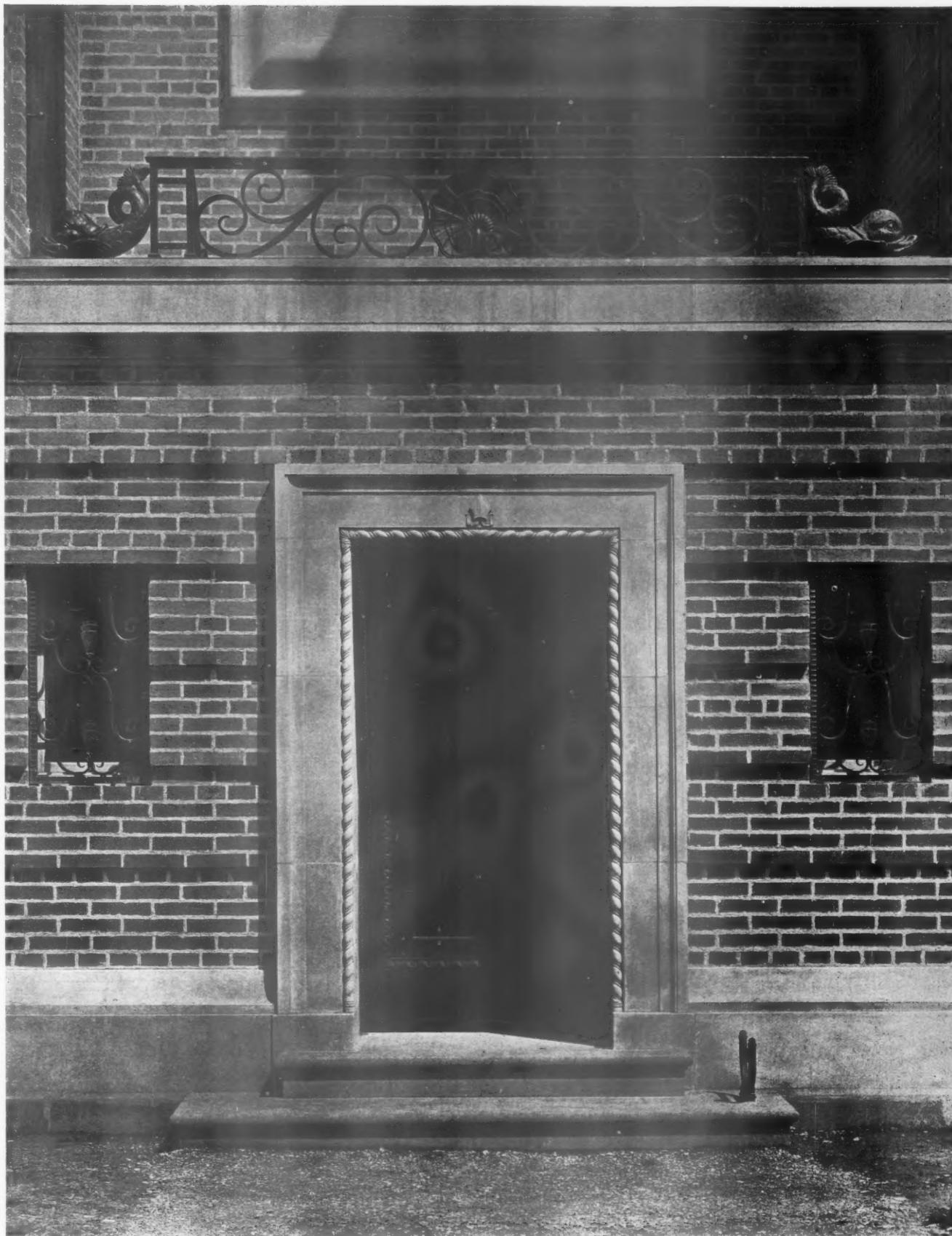
UNIV.  
OF  
MICH.

THE HALL.

Thomas Worthington & Sons, *Architects.*

Unlike many of the halls which the public schools have built since the war, the Rossall Hall has not been raised as a War Memorial. It is part of a larger scheme, and was designed by Professor Hubert Worthington, of the firm of Thomas Worthington & Sons, and executed under the supervision of Mr. James Brown, of the firm of L. Brown & Sons, whose excellent work the architects wish specially to mention. The Governors of Rossall have set a fine example to the rest of the country by demanding a high standard of beauty in the school buildings.



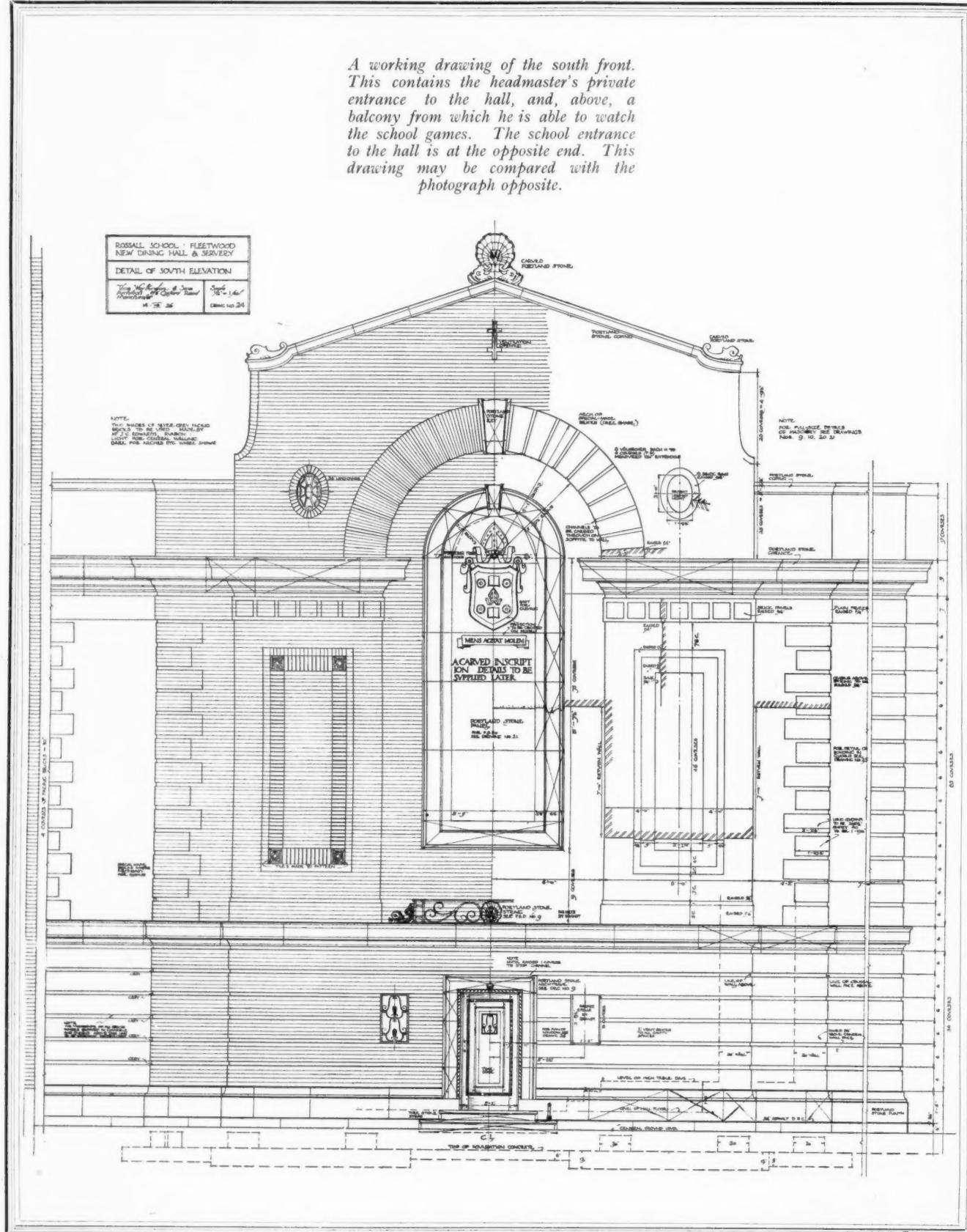


THE HEADMASTER'S ENTRANCE.

This is the doorway of the south front illustrated on Plate IV. The grilles, railing, and scraper are the work of the French metalworker, Edgar Brandt.



*A working drawing of the south front. This contains the headmaster's private entrance to the hall, and, above, a balcony from which he is able to watch the school games. The school entrance to the hall is at the opposite end. This drawing may be compared with the photograph opposite.*





THE SOUTH FRONT.



THE SCHOOL ENTRANCE, FROM THE VESTIBULE AND FROM THE HALL.

*The boys' entrance to the dining-hall is from the quadrangle into the low vestibule on the north side. The interior of this vestibule has columns and door-jambs of echaillon, a French limestone of a beautiful soft ivory. The small scale of the vestibule emphasizes the big size of the dining-hall, which is entered by the three leather doors seen above.*

ROSSALL DINING-HALL.

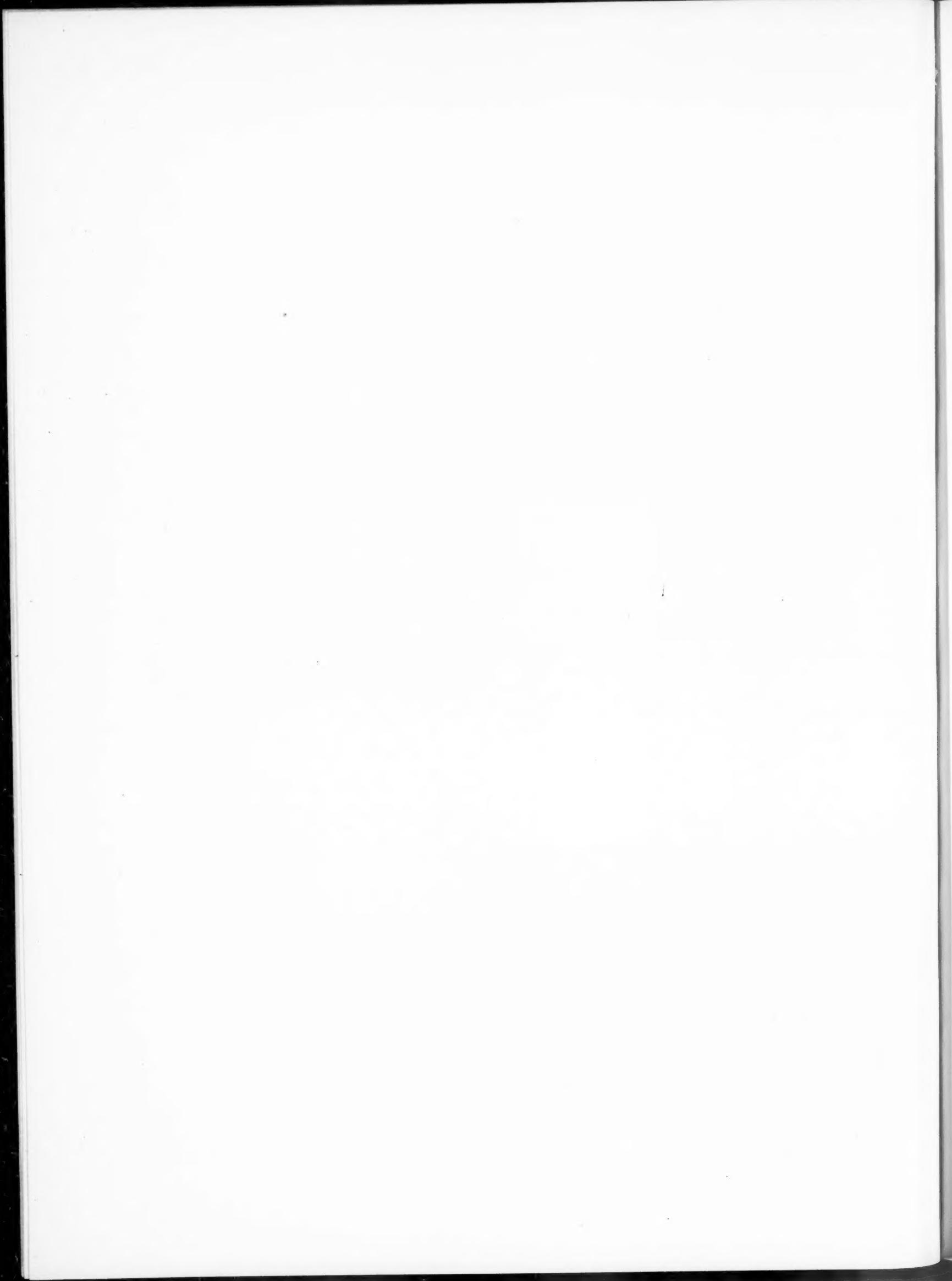


Plate V.

August 1928.

ONE OF THE THREE ENTRANCE DOORS.

The school entrance to the dining-hall is shown in the two photographs on page 66, which are taken on either side of the leather doors—one in the vestibule, the other in the hall. The doors themselves are treated on the hall side with a fine teak architrave surmounted by three gilt wood carvings.  
*Fish, Flesh, and Fowl*, by Alan Durst.



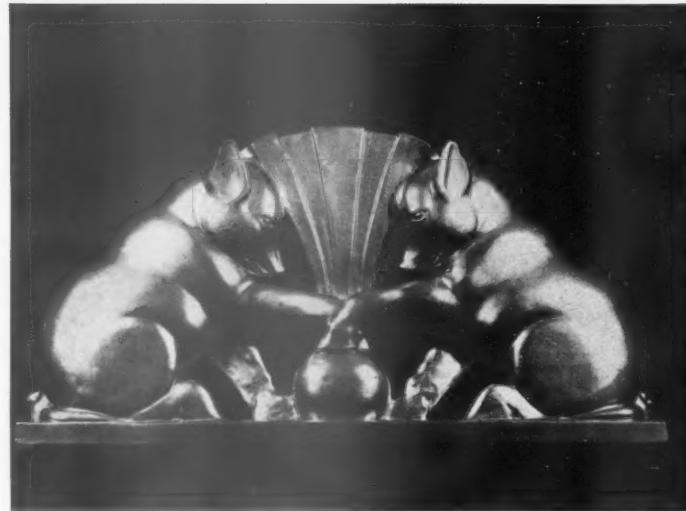


FISH.

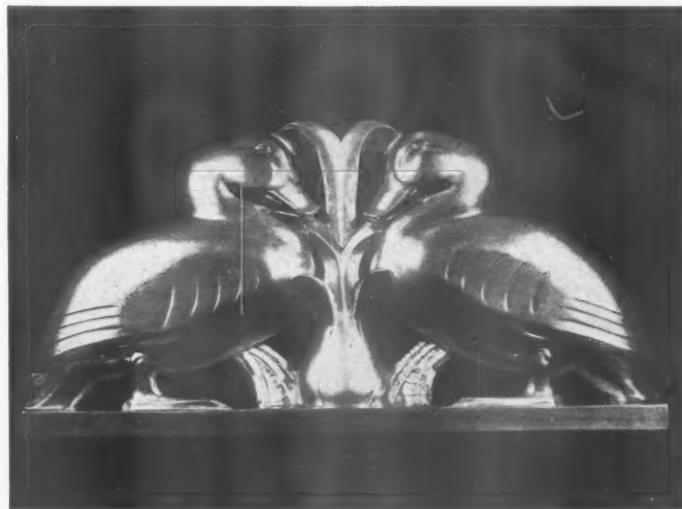
Mention has already been made of the three interior doors with their bold and massive mouldings, surmounted by three pieces of carving by Alan Durst representing Fish, Flesh, and Fowl. These are illustrated here.

The whole of the craftsmanship is interesting. The carving of the headmaster's canopy is by Earp Hobbs and Miller. H. Spear has done some refreshing heraldic glass with emblems supported in most cases by vigorous "putti." The bronze work is by Edgar Brandt, and consists of door-knockers, grilles, railings, and foot scrapers. In the recess of the great arch is a large Portland stone inscription recording the headmasters of Rossall, surmounted by the school coat of arms in stone by Earp Hobbs and Miller. The panelling is of teak in the main body of the hall, and of English oak on the dais.

The whole of the joinery, by L. Brown and Sons, of Wilmslow, is of a particularly high standard, and great credit is due to all the workmen. Behind the panelling in the thickness of the wall are tiled cupboards for tuck, an important item in a room in which 500 boys can dine at one time.



FLESH.



FOWL.

*Made by ALAN DURST.*

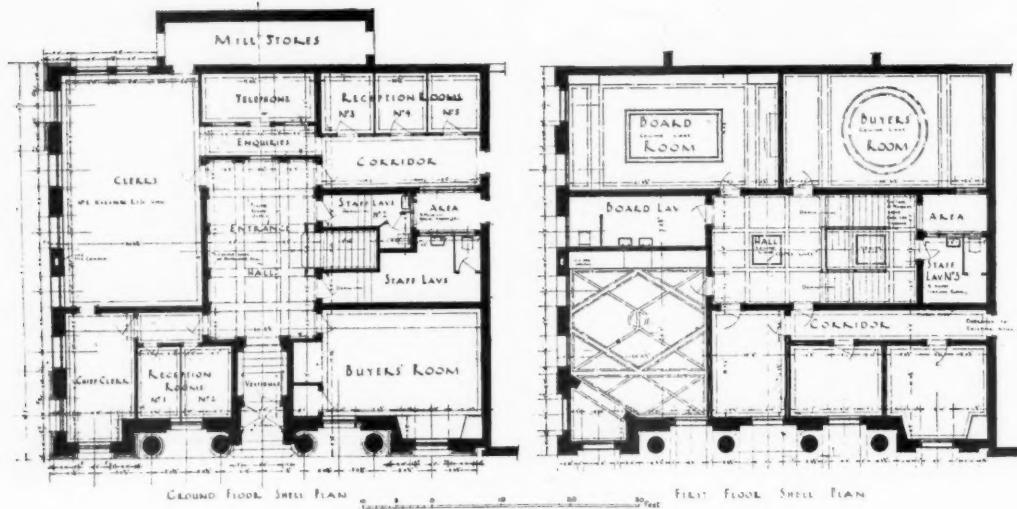


*It will be seen from the plan that the proportions of this hall are somewhat unusual, since it is very long in proportion to the space between the columns, and though the columns themselves are widely spaced this is corrected by the perspective. The spacing of the columns was controlled by the spacing of the tables, which in their turn control the planning of the hall. Each alternating table abuts upon a pedestal, and the pedestals of the columns are of the height and width of a table, so that the full height of the columns tells above the plane of the table tops. The hall is of large dimensions, being 140 feet long and 47 feet wide.*





*The south end of the hall contains a raised dais and table for the headmaster and prefects and the focus of interest is the canopy behind the headmaster's seat. A fine quartered and veneered panel of English oak is framed in a richly carved moulding and flanked by fluted columns and pilasters. The high table is a fine piece of work designed by the architects and executed by the joiners who did the panelling.*

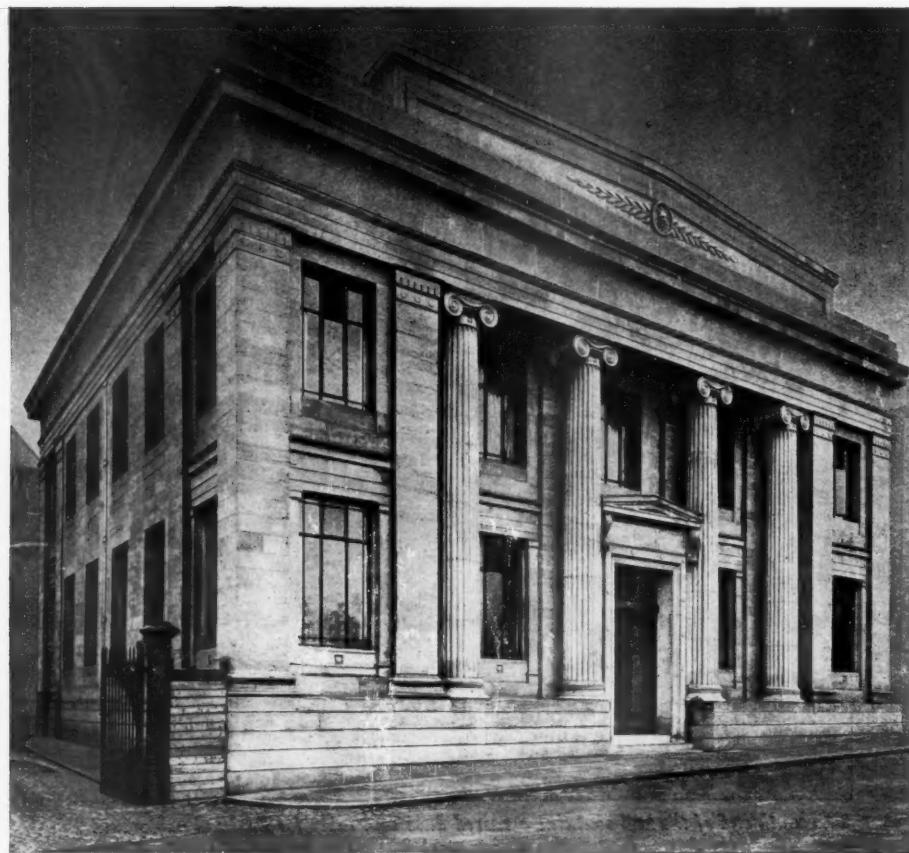


PLANS OF THE GROUND AND FIRST FLOORS.

## New Office Buildings

*At Leek.*

*Designed by Longden and Venables.*



THE FRONT.



THE BOARD ROOM.

ONE  
OF  
MICH.

These new offices in Belle Vue, Leek, Staffordshire, were built for Wardle and Devonport, silk manufacturers. As well as providing offices, accommodation has been made for a reception room and for a display of silk goods. The central hall, which gives access to all the main administrative rooms, is decorated with specially designed and modelled fibrous plaster. The walls are finished with felt-floated plaster. Sprinkler equipment is fitted, which is carefully concealed in the fibrous work. The staircase is of concrete with rubber casings

to treads and risers. All the woodwork is oak stained with copperas and dull wax polished. The building is warmed from a central heating plant without the use of visible radiators. The vestibule and staircase are heated by radiators concealed behind grilles. In the board room, the general manager's room, and the reception room skirting heating is used. The heating units at the foot of the walnut panels are painted to tone with the general colour of the woodwork. Thus warmth is radiated from all four walls and diffused throughout the room without visible means.



THE RECEPTION ROOM.

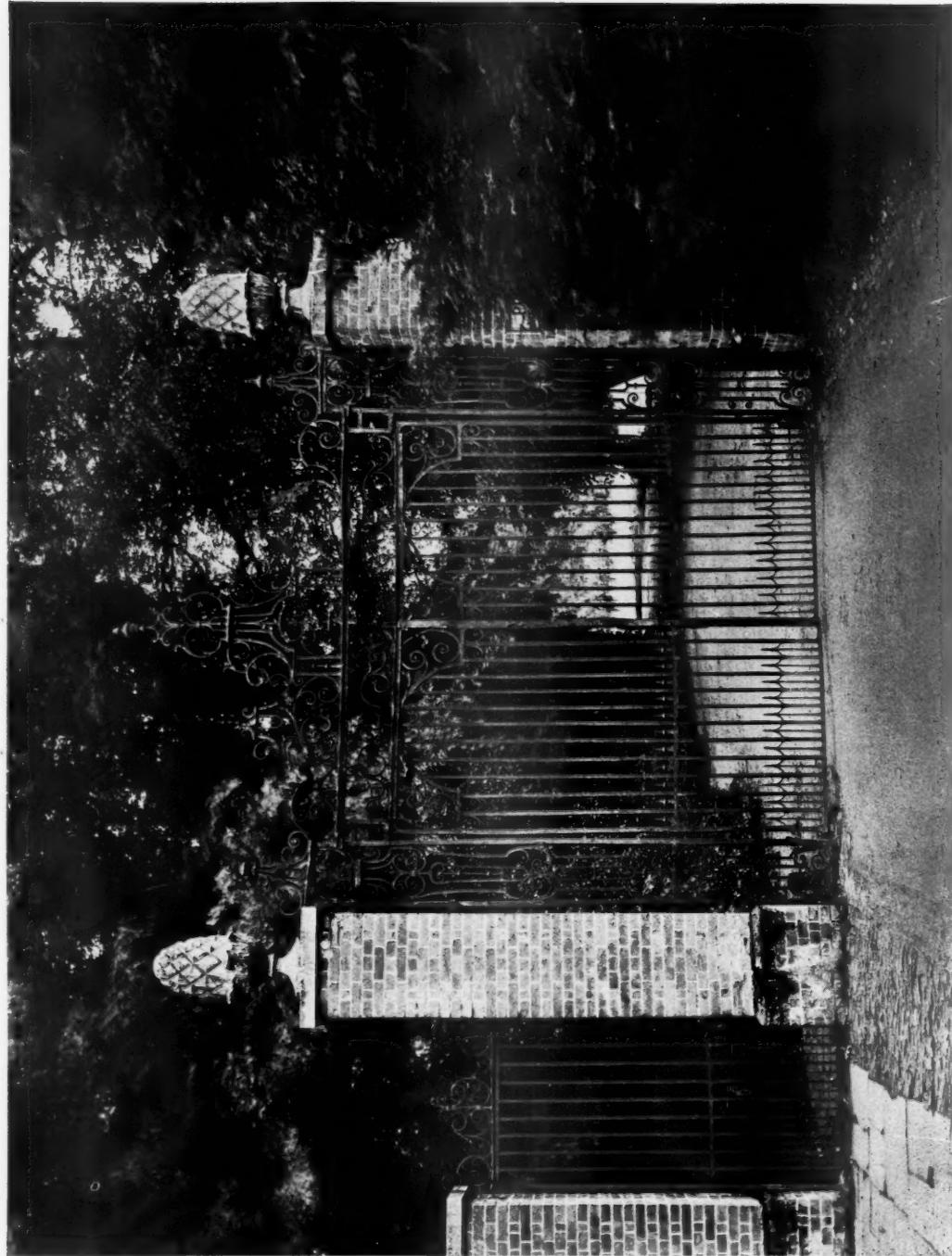
## *Selected Examples of Architecture.*

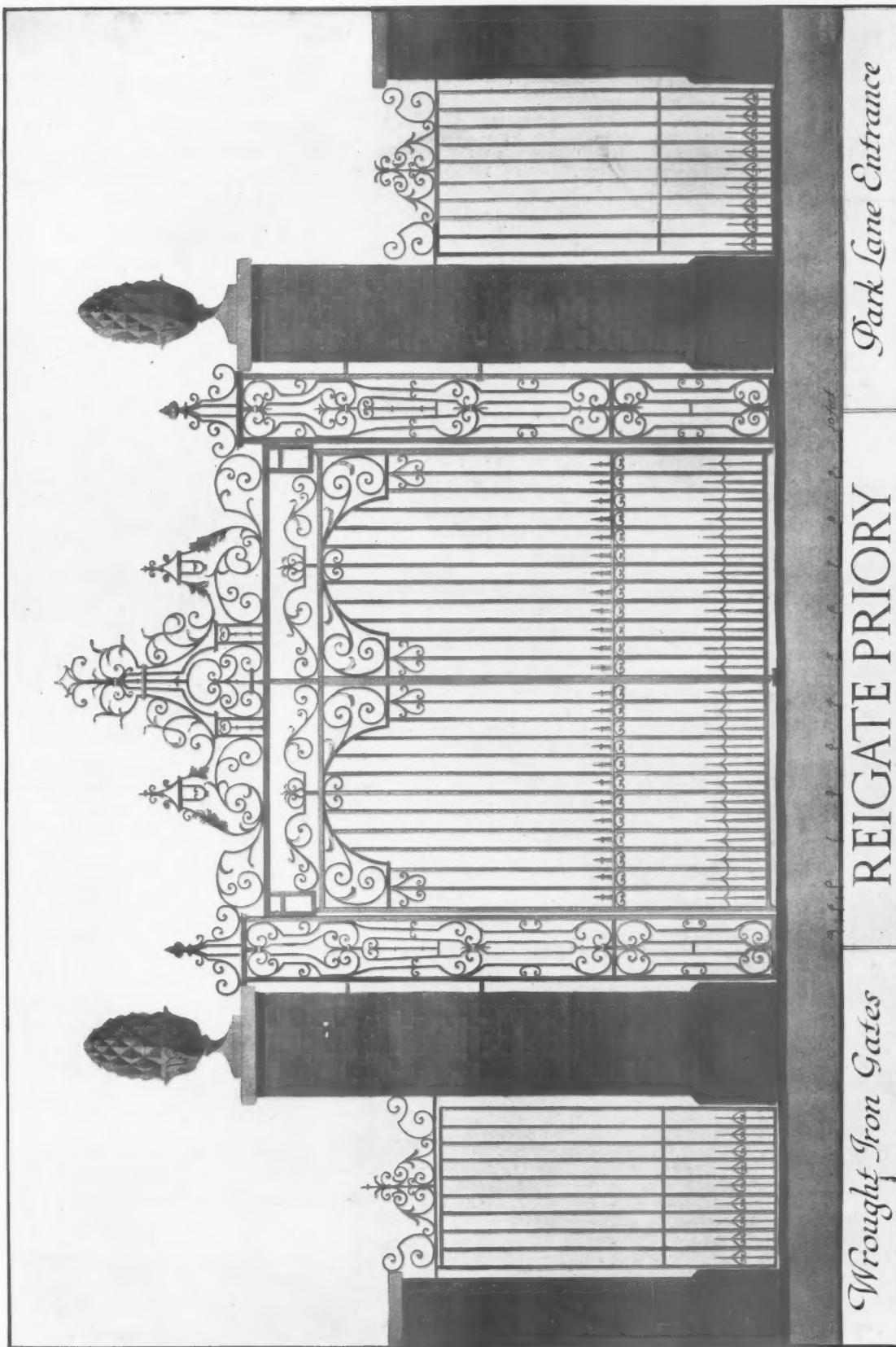
*In Continuation of "The Practical Exemplar of Architecture."*

### The Wrought-Iron Gates, Reigate Priory, Surrey.

The Seat of Earl Beatty.

*Measured and Drawn by Christopher J. Woodbridge.*





The wrought-iron screen with its gates and piers is beautifully situated at the Park Lane entrance to Reigate Priory, the residence of Admiral Beatty. The whole design is a very elegant example of seventeenth-century ironwork, with a centre overthrow excellent in arrangement and main gates with circular heads and nicely scrolled spandrels. The side panels, one of which is made to open, are quite plain, and have small overthrows which are just sufficient in design to compose with the rest of the scheme.



# Londoniana.

*An Architect's Book-Plate :  
A Lost Shop Front.*



ARCHITECTS are familiar enough with the name of Flitcroft, but to the general public it is, in common with the names of many outstanding architects, little known. It is a curious thing, by the way, how small an acquaintance the majority of people seem to have with those who designed so many of the great buildings which the past has bequeathed to us. If you ask anyone to name those responsible for any of the London churches, for instance, I doubt whether you would obtain a correct answer unless the church happened to be one of Wren's. Indeed, Wren's genius has so dominated the city that there are those who imagine that all the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century churches remaining are his. Not long ago a friend of mine was (rightly enough) extolling the beauty and excellence of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, but, unfortunately, ended his quite pertinent remarks by saying that "you could not better Wren." I am a bad hand at correcting errors, being conscious of my own shortcomings, but it was with some difficulty that I refrained from pointing out that if Wren was in the first flight, James Gibbs was a worthy follower.

\* \* \* \* \*

And if Gibbs and Hawksmoor, and so forth, are overlooked by many, Flitcroft is known to even fewer; and yet one of his achievements is a familiar enough object in London—I mean St. Giles-in-the-Fields. This church was completed in 1734, and even James Ralph, a contemporary and generally very severe architectural critic, described it "as one of the most

simple and elegant of modern structures," specially praising the steeple as being "light, airy, and genteel." Curiously enough, this was not the original design sent in by Flitcroft for this particular church, but the authorities, not approving of the initial one, it was used when three years later the architect was commissioned to build another church—St. Olave's, Tooley Street. Another of Flitcroft's ecclesiastical buildings in London was the Parish Church of Hampstead, erected in 1747, so that we have ocular demonstration of his success as a church designer, and these should keep his name from being as neglected as it is.

I introduce it here both to remind the reader of an excellent and capable architect, and also to point out that Flitcroft was sufficiently a book-collector to have an engraved book-plate. A specimen of this rather rare plate is in my possession, and is here reproduced. It will be observed that in addition to his name it bears the words Hampstead, Midd<sup>x</sup>. As a matter of fact, Flitcroft resided in a house he had designed for himself, at Froginal, called Montague Grove, curiously enough not far from the dwelling of another contemporary architect, Isaac Ware. It would appear that, before the close of his life, he left Hampstead and went to live at Teddington, in the churchyard of which place he was buried in March 1769, he then being in the seventy-second year of his age.

\* \* \* \* \*

The little picture reproduced below shows one of those interesting old shop fronts which are gradually disappearing from the London streets, and which it is important to record before they are demolished (as the custom is) ere one realizes that they are even threatened. This particular shop, the frontage of which has actually disappeared, was occupied until recently by Messrs. Grant, the gunmakers, and it stands at the south-east corner of St. James's Place. According to Tallis, it was, in early Victorian days, in the possession of one Robertson, described in Tallis's directory as a French Bread and Biscuit Baker. In the elevation of St. James's Street it is shown with an altogether different frontage, the central doorway being flanked by two long rounded-top windows. When the present classical frontage was substituted I do not know, but it was probably not long after Tallis first issued his *London Street Views* in 1838. By the way, the house on the north-east corner of St. James's Place is also numbered 67 by Tallis, just as the two buildings on each side of Park Place are both numbered 61.



\* \* \* \* \*

The shop next door to Messrs. Grant's old premises, shown in the little photograph as being occupied by Messrs. Chubb, the famous safe manufacturers, was in Tallis's time the premises of Johnson, the sword maker, evidently a successor of Messrs. Bland and Foster, who were carrying on the same business here in 1793. It was on the other side of Messrs. Chubb's, by the way, that Wrigman's shop originally stood, and Wrigman's enters into literary history, for here on a famous occasion Dr. Johnson purchased a pair of shoe-buckles.

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

## Archæologia. Recent Discoveries and Acquisitions.

### DAVID AND GOLIATH.

This exquisite Gothic wood carving dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century. It originally formed the front of an oaken beam used to support a ceiling. The Biblical description of the story of David and Goliath has been closely adhered to by the craftsman. The brass helmet and coat of mail lent to David by Saul is quite apparent, as is the stone embedded in Goliath's forehead. From the position of the figures it would seem that David, having killed Goliath, is about to cut off his head, although David's right hand, in which should be the giant's sword, is missing. The carving is now in the possession of Messrs. Asscher and Welker of 8 Duke Street, St. James's.



### THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

#### A BRONZE PORTUGUESE SOLDIER FROM BENIN.

The early Portuguese voyagers of the sixteenth century introduced on the West Coast of Africa the method of bronze-casting known as cire-perdue, or casting from a wax model which is destroyed in the process. The British Museum has recently acquired a particularly interesting and beautiful specimen of this industry. The figure, which stands 14 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. high, is of a Portuguese soldier standing with his matchlock arquebus at the "present." He wears a morion with curved brim, pointed back and front, and decorated with engraved strapwork. Flexible check-pieces hanging in front of the ears protect the chin-strap, and at the back are pendants, probably to shield the neck from the sun. The body-clothing seems to consist of a tunic over an under-garment with short sleeves, and trunks with cod-piece. The under-garment and trunks are ornamented with a design which strongly suggests chain-mail, but since the same ornament appears on the footgear, this interpretation is open to doubt. Over the tunic is a kind of pectoral, supported by shoulder-straps, exactly in the form of the hide "back and breast" worn by natives as body-armour. A powder-horn is suspended by chains from the pectoral on the left side, and on the right is a bullet-pouch suspended from a leather belt. A dagger with the type of pommel known as "ear pommel" is stuck into the belt. The matchlock arquebus shows the details of match-holder, backsight, and foresight. Over and above its beauty this figure has a peculiar piquancy as being a portrait of a sixteenth-century European by a contemporary native African artist.



## Exhibitions.

**The New English Art Club, The New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, W.** I think that if one were suddenly dumped down into this exhibition there would be no difficulty in recognizing one's surroundings.

The New English continues to fill the intermediate stage between the Royal Academy and the left wing of art activities, but its gentle inclination towards the conservative side of art tends to fit its members to become respectable and academic.

Here and there one notices certain atavistic tendencies : attempts to adapt Early Victorian feelings to modern scenes and activities ; but as a matter of fact this tendency was nearly always a part of the distinctive brand of New English art, as which it is easily recognizable.

George Charlton's works are good examples of this kind of thing. The characters in his pictures are of a period of about 1860, indulging in the pleasures and activities of their own time, but with the assistance of modern inventions such as the motor-car. It would not be a surprise to detect Disraeli or Gladstone moving about in some of the groups in Charlton's pictures.

Claiming to be realistic, but being really of no actual period, there is an atmosphere of unreality about them. This painter has struck a line of his own, but it is, I think, a distinctly unprogressive one. He is really less genuine than Frith was in his "Derby Day," for Frith at least painted his own time.

In Colin Gill's "Holiday" (131) the holiday atmosphere is symbolized by the inertia of a huge figure sprawling languorously over cliffs along a sea front. This may be some people's idea of a holiday, but I should have thought that "Sleep" would have been a better title.

Dod Procter's "Burmese Dancing Girl" (95) is an attractive little picture, the introduction of colour in the dress being rather a pleasant departure from her usual sombre tones.

Ernest Procter seems to have been so occupied with the technicalities of his craft that he appears to have overlooked the fact that the subject-matter of his picture "Earth, Fire, Water, and Air" (160) was not worth the labour expended upon it.

Ethelbert White's "Level Crossing" (129) is satisfactory because it is a very typical English scene successfully modernized, and is a break-away from the very mannered style which the painter had got into.

The small painting by Margaret Gere, "The Goat Girl" (219), is a distinguished work, the placing of the figure and of the goats being well adjusted to and incorporated into the general design.

Malcolm Milne does not seem to realize that there must be a dominating interest in a picture which should be enhanced and supported by minor interests and details ; unless this is so, a painting will be, as it were, flat and tasteless. It can be seen that upon occasions he himself feels this necessity by the dark spots which he puts in—little dots and streaks over otherwise flat spaces—in order that the eye may be arrested at some definitive point ; but he himself is not sure where this spot should be situated, but hopes that the observer will determine this in a satisfactory way for himself. The result is that the eye wanders vaguely over the picture, and leaves it unmoved.

Irene Wyatt is an interesting painter : she arranges her pictures rather well, and uses paint in a manner which stimulates interest.

Among the watercolours, D. S. MacColl's "Barge at Richmond" (20) is a scholarly work, definitely a watercolour drawing ; that is, a pencil drawing over which colour has been washed.

"Dogs" (203), by Vere Lucy Temple, was one of the most interesting works in the black-and-white section, being a drawing showing character and movement.

**The Goupil Gallery, 5 Regent Street, S.W.1. Oil Paintings by Walter Bayes and Drawings by Robin Guthrie.** Walter Bayes is a very clever painter ; he handles paint with assurance, but his colour is monotonous : a cold greyish mauve beclouds the colour

of nearly all his works, and his skies seem invariably too dark and heavy in value, especially when they are blue. One instinctively feels that light comes from the sky, and therefore, if only as a symbol for light, it should surely be kept high in tone, and when unclouded blue, certainly not so dark as to give the effect of blackness.

Evidently Bayes sees things in a low scale of colour ; or if he does not see them in this way he has so arranged his palette as to transcribe Nature into this prearranged scale ; the intention is obvious and deliberate, and would be quite satisfactory if the paintings were definitely of a decorative nature. But they are not ; they are meant to give the effect of things seen objectively, and as one unconsciously compares them to things of a similar kind that one has seen, they appear false in value.

His two large pictures somehow fail to suggest the drama they are intended to convey : the street brawl "Tapage Nocturne" (20) is an unconvincing effort at sordidness, and the scene in the casino "Les Jeux sont faits" (43) is, in so far as it renders an actual incident, feeble and ineffective, and in so far as it is an arrangement, unsatisfactory, because the painter has been hampered by attempting in some places to realize the actual conditions of light obtaining at the time while arbitrarily suppressing it in other parts. Thus the intense realism which should be the only aim behind these two paintings is entirely lost. Had the painter disobeyed every rule of artistic convention in order to enforce the drama these inconsistencies would not be apparent, but I can see no system in his lack of system.

Where Walter Bayes seems to have succeeded is in clever, quick and direct records, where he had no time to think over methods, but was fully occupied in seizing a transitory effect, such as "Veranda of Boulogne Casino" (42), which is a scene very well described with the minimum of means, and "Entrance to Boulogne Casino" (27), a painting full of vitality and colour.

Robin Guthrie's drawings of the human figure are very much like the usual anatomical drawings in the art school manner. There is no special stress on rhythmical movement, the draughtsman being simply content to record in a substantial manner sensuous impressions.

Personally I do not care for the mixture of sanguine and black ; there is too great a jump from the mild red chalk to the intense black ink : one is alien to the other and they will not assimilate.

**The Society of Graphic Art, Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1.** Probably only in England could an exhibition such as this be found, consisting as it does of works which are nearly all merely illustrative. It was difficult to find anything which stimulated the imagination solely by reason of its arrangements of masses, shapes and line. The possible exception was Cecil Leslie—at least she seemed to have some instinct in this direction.

However, we must not blame this society for not doing what it does not set out to do. Its aims are more or less "straight" : to see things much in the same way a camera would see them plus the personal feeling of the artist.

It is interesting and instructive to see how pleasant a wash drawing in monochrome can be, and how easily the eye accepts such drawings and rearranges them in appropriate colours ; in fact there is a refinement of suggestion in a monochrome drawing which is often quite absent where colour has been used. For attractive drawings of this nature I commend George H. Rose's "Limehouse Basin" (290), in red chalk and wash ; Ernest Blaikley's "By the Long Water, Kensington" (281), pen-and-wash ; and in another style, Madelaine Wells's "Peasants at Alicanti" (268) has an alluringly exotic feeling about it ; the drawings, too, by R. A. Wilson are noticeable for their individual character and sincerity.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.



A key believed to have been made  
by the original Charles Smith for  
Charles II.

The key is of the highest class of chased work  
in steel, and is probably unsurpassed by any  
example of the period in existence. The firm  
of Charles Smith have ~~se~~ m reason to be proud  
of a record for fine craftsmanship which extends  
back to the seventeenth century.

UNIV  
OF  
MICH.

# Craftsmanship

## *Views and Reviews*

## *A London Diary*

The  
*Architectural Review*  
Supplement  
*AUGUST*  
1928

## The Roman Alphabet.

*By C. M. Weekley.*

THE revived interest in printing types at the end of the last century has grown remarkably during the past thirty years. This modern renaissance of typography has been accompanied by a widespread enthusiasm for the study of letter forms and a great improvement in the general standard of lettering, particularly in its application to advertisement. The shop-signs and advertisements

various schools of medieval penmanship, but to Roman inscriptions in stone. The best Roman carved inscriptions, like the Trajan Column, have provided craftsmen with valuable inspiration during two very important periods in European art. The early and later Renaissance letter-designers, like Tino di Camaino, who carved the inscription on the tomb of the Emperor Henry VII, Pietro Torrigiano and Dürer, revived the art of



An incised alphabet.  
By ERIC GILL and LAWRENCE CRIPP.

of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, to quote one important instance, are far in advance of anything done on a big scale twenty years ago.

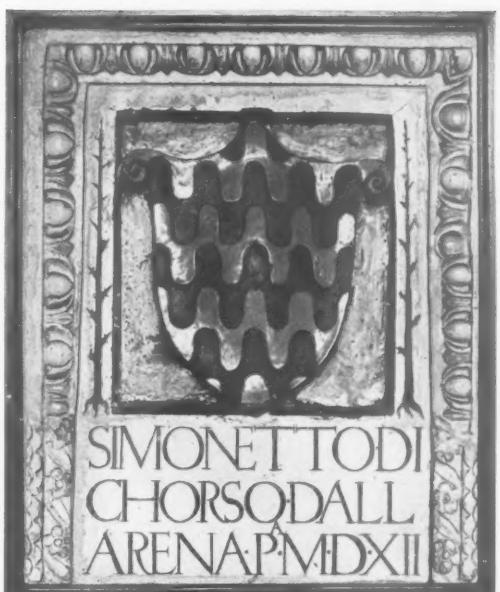
William Morris, in his search for fine type designs, went back to the great Italian and German printers of the fifteenth century and owed his inspiration principally to Nicholas Jenson and Anton Koberger. It remained for two very gifted craftsmen, Edward Johnston and Eric Gill, to go back beyond the beginnings of printing. They have devoted much study, not only to the

Roman inscriptions. During the present century again, the work of Johnston and Gill has inspired a new interest in the finest examples of Roman lettering. When the now famous Insel Verlag of Leipzig projected their series of classical texts, they sought the advice of Johnston and Gill with regard to their type and the design of title-pages. The wide experiments of modern art have hardly yielded any happier results than this vastly improved standard of lettering, mainly due to the influence of two Englishmen. The pioneer work of Johnston and Gill has

## CRAFTSMANSHIP.

exercised a profound influence not only in schools of art throughout this country, but also abroad, particularly in Germany and America. The work of modern American printers like Bruce Rogers and Frederick Goudy, together with the stone inscriptions by American architects like McKim, Mead, and White represent a very high standard of craftsmanship. Goudy, a keen student of Roman inscriptions and architecture, has achieved a wide reputation as a designer of capital letters and title-pages.

The cast of the Trajan Column inscription in the Victoria and Albert Museum provides a model which, if it is capable of a few minor improvements, does in all essentials represent the highest standard in the design of Roman capital letters. The study of "significant form" and rhythm in design is not often applied to the art of lettering. Yet the Roman alphabet, considered simply as a collection of forms, is in itself fascinating. It offers simple geometrical form without any disturbing complexity. An octagonal letter would be a legible nuisance as well as a burden to the chisel, the pen and the brush. The letters are designed with an admirable variety and those like "P," "B," "D," "R," and "G," in which straight lines and segments are pleasantly blended, are a worthy monument, not only to the aesthetic power, but to the excellent common sense of the Latin genius. "O," a perfect circle, contrasts with wide straight-line letters like "W," "N," and "M." Wide letters again contrast sharply with narrow letters like "E," "P," "F," and "R." "W," "N," and "M" represent not only straight and wide, but also square forms. A well-designed inscription in fine Roman letters seems to owe its beauty to a lively variety of individual forms organized by a fastidious symmetry of size and spacing. At the same time a certain amount of subtle irregularity may give character to an inscription. The accomplished craftsman may indulge a fanciful and



A coat of arms in enamelled terra-cotta. Dated 1512.  
SCHOOL OF THE DELLA ROBBIA.

In the V. and A. Museum.

stem, is perhaps an improvement on the Trajan Column letter where the tail is only joined to the bow. But the serif is the important detail whereby the craftsman can impose an individual character on the design of his letters.

The serifs of Tino di Camaino in the inscription on the tomb of the Emperor Henry VII are very heavy and triangular. The Trajan Column serifs are noticeably small and very delicately curved. The serifs of the letters in the incised alphabet by Eric Gill and Lawrence Cribb, illustrated here, are very sharply and finely made, rather like beautifully cut gems.

The individual forms of Roman capitals suggest an interesting, if rather obvious analogy, with accepted ideas of physical beauty in relation to human beings. Let us have a letter like "A," of fine stature, with a generously proportioned frame, well-shaped limbs, and standing easily on those shapely serifs—its feet.



A panel of Hopton-Wood stone with raised lettering.

By ERIC GILL and LAWRENCE CRIBB.

In the V. and A. Museum.

## The Roman Alphabet.

individual expression in his own work. The Della Robbia plaque, illustrated here, is decorated with an altogether delightful freedom and character.

It is hardly possible to doubt that the thick and thin lines of the letters in Roman stone inscriptions were evolved under the influence of pen forms. The pen alone yields a natural difference in the thickness of letters. The chisel only produces this quality under the conscious guidance of the letter-cutter. Serifs are, to some extent, a natural development from the instinctive handling of the chisel. Mr. Gill has said that, "in making the ends of the strokes nice and clean it will be found that there is a tendency to spread them into serifs, and the letter is at once, in some sort, ornamented." The essential forms of Roman capital letters seem now to have been permanently established, with the addition of certain extra shapes like "W," "J," "Y," and "K," which conform entirely to the design of the older letters. Gill's "R," with the bow and the tail both joined to the

and the tail both joined to the

design of his letters.

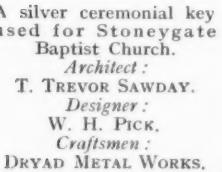
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✓ A Craftsman's Portfolio.  
*Being Examples of Fine Craftsmanship.*  
 XXVIII.—Keys, Ancient & Modern.

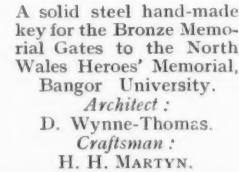
A silver ceremonial key used for Stoneygate Baptist Church.

Architect :  
 T. TREVOR SAWDAY.  
 Designer :  
 W. H. PICK.  
 Craftsmen :  
 DRYAD METAL WORKS.



A solid steel hand-made key for the Bronze Memorial Gates to the North Wales Heroes' Memorial, Bangor University.

Architect :  
 D. Wynne-Thomas.  
 Craftsman :  
 H. H. MARTYN.



A key used by H.M. the King to open Littleton Reservoir.  
 Architect :  
 H. E. STILGOE.  
 Craftsman :  
 JAMES GIBBONS.



A row of keys, dating from the eighteenth century to the present time, showing the loss of niceness in the shank. From the collection of Stanley Peach, Esq.

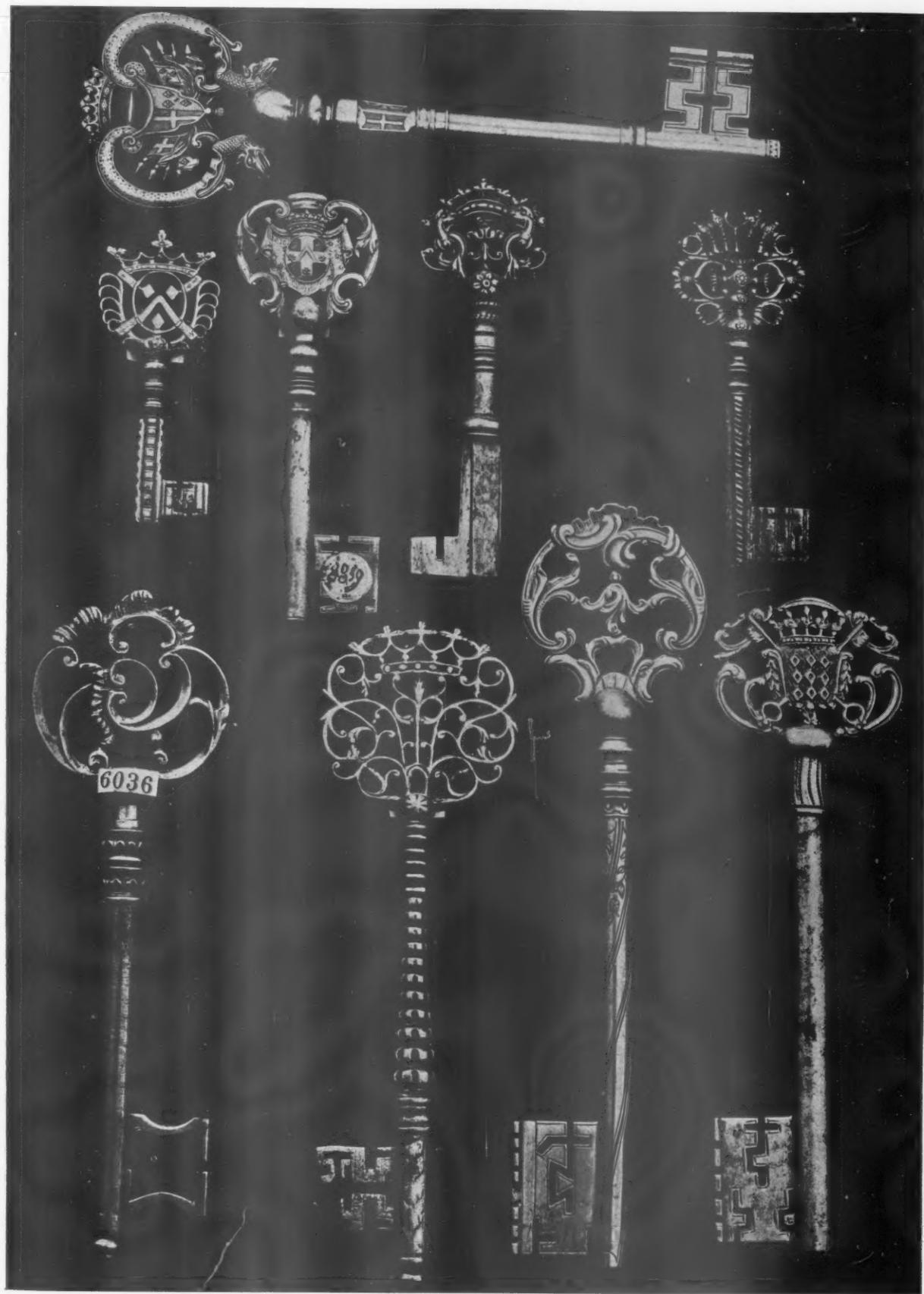


The monogram C.S. under the crown in this key is believed to stand for Charles Stuart or Carolus Secundus. It was made in 1660 and is of filigree and chased work in steel.  
 Craftsmen : CHARLES SMITH.

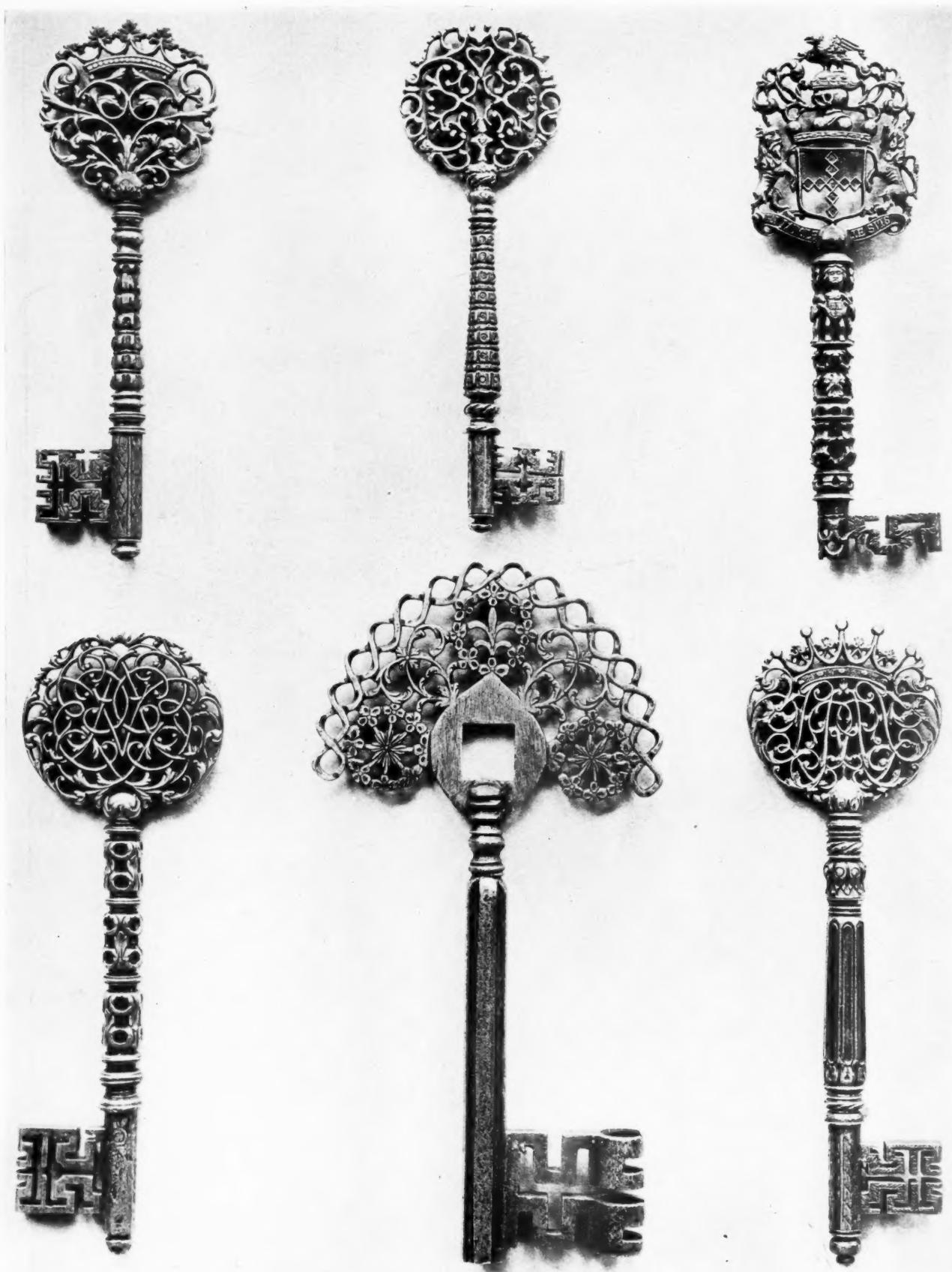


Reverse of silver-gilt memorial key for the Fletcher Moss Museum. Designed and made under the direction of :  
 F. NEWLAND SMITH  
 (Manchester School of Art).





Some seventeenth- and eighteenth-century keys in the Cluny Museum.



English eighteenth-century keys from the collection in the  
Victoria and Albert Museum.



What should be applied between half-timbering? Obviously a material and method of employment that produces a dependably permanent effect; possessing an attractive appearance to begin with; becoming increasingly pleasing to the eye—gaining comparatively as time passes; proving an economy in that it needs no periodical renewal and by its permanence protecting from damaging disturbance climbing shrubs and vines that may grow over it. "Atlas White" stucco will do all that. It is a true Portland cement, possessing all the tensile and compressive strength of the best standard Portland cements. "Atlas White" is the standard by which all white Portland cements are measured. Its adoption as a colour medium to obtain beauty in concrete is daily becoming more general. It has scores of uses. Write to me for my "Atlas White Stucco Specifications."

Regent House,  
Regent Street,  
London, W.1.

*Frederic Coleman*

## MARKING ON "IMPORTED" CABLE

The Report of the Standing Committee under the Merchandise Marks Acts, dealing with the marking of Foreign Cables, states: ". . . we are of opinion that as regards some of the categories of goods included in the application, there is an appreciable possibility of purchasers being unaware, in the absence of marking, of the origin of the goods they purchase."

**You will avoid substitution if you specify**

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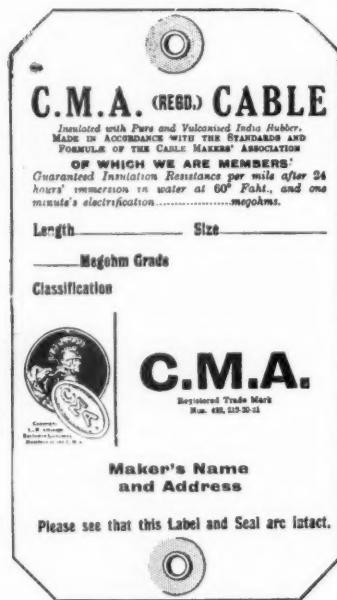
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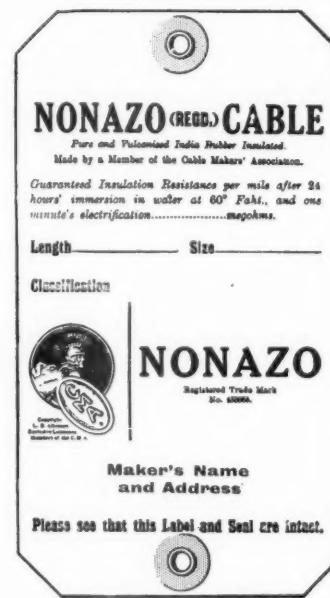
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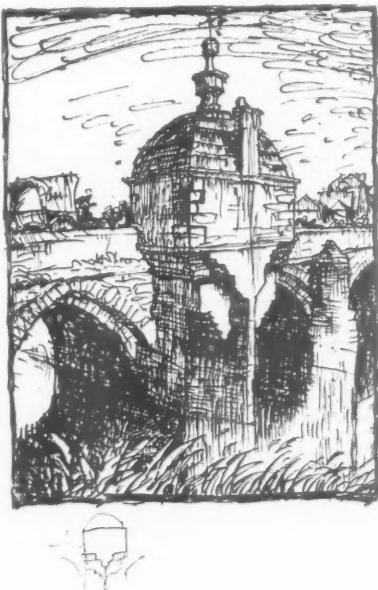
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## Recent Books.

### The Bridge in Architecture.

**The Bridge.** By FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A., and CHRISTIAN BARMAN. London: John Lane, Limited, The Bodley Head. Price 31s. 6d. net.



the author of books on St. Paul's Cathedral, Gibbs's *Orders of Architecture*, and has, moreover, contributed, under the title of "Balbus," one of the wittiest and wisest of that excellent series "Books of Today and Books of Tomorrow," his remarks on the subject of bridges will claim the respectful attention of both architects and the public.

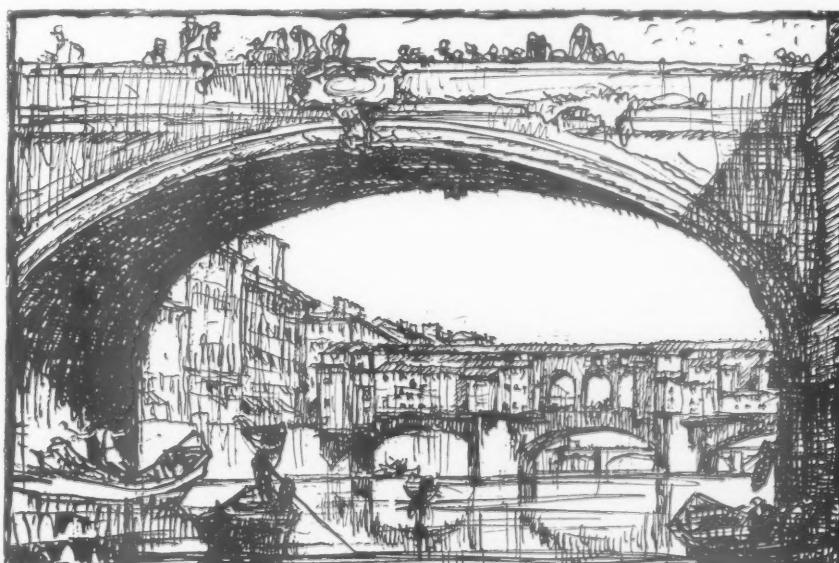
In defining the main theme of the book, one cannot do better than affirm that its primary object is to bring the bridge back into the fold of architecture from which it has carelessly and wrongly been allowed to stray. Thus, Mr. Barman's argument has a severely practical purpose, the fulfilment of which would not only be of benefit to the architectural profession in its capacity as a body of *practitioners*, but would also lead to an enormous improvement in the design of certain types of structure which are ever increasing in number, size, and prominence. Mr. Barman is fortunate in possessing a wide knowledge of architecture in its technical aspects,

and, moreover, has the philosophical equipment necessary for tackling such a formidable theme, how formidable only readers of this treatise will be enabled to appreciate. The argument may be divided into two principal sections, of which the first deals with the structure of bridges, while the second is devoted to their aesthetics. He begins by establishing the important distinction between the "synthetic" and the "continuous" bridge, and between the "permanent" and the "temporary" bridge. He enters into a disquisition upon the relationship between the rate of artistic conception and the rate of construction, maintaining that when the latter increases more quickly than the former architectural design must necessarily suffer. Such a theory does much to explain, though, of course, it does not justify, the failures of the industrial age to produce great art.

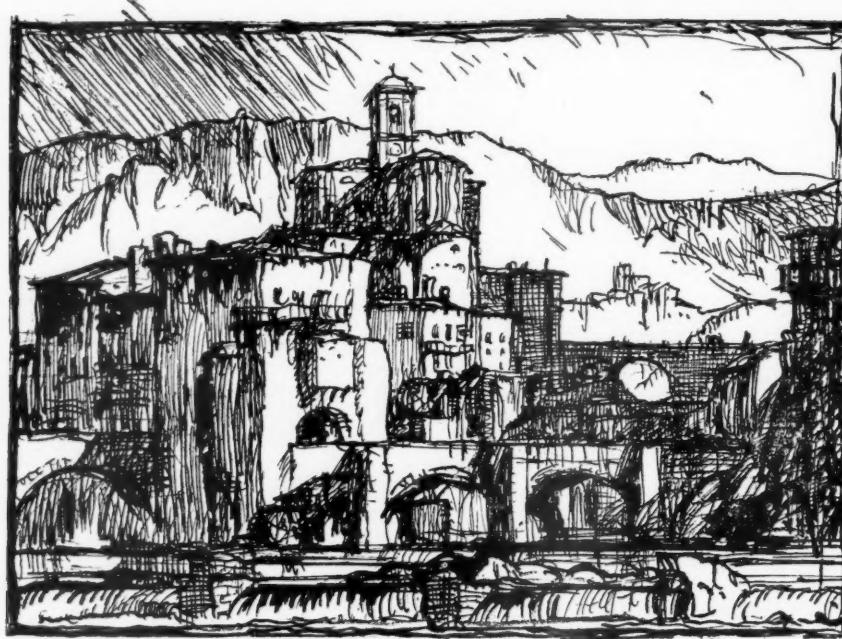
The effects on design, caused by the transition from wood and stone to steel and ferro-concrete are considered at length, and the author shows that he has made a profound study of the structural aspects of this problem. In the latter part of his volume, which deals with the formal qualities of the bridge, Mr. Barman has conceived of this type of structure as organically related to its environment, architectural or otherwise, and he discusses certain principles of composition, the neglect of which is far more responsible for the ugliness of so many of our modern bridges than is any structural deficiency.

The book is beautifully produced, though a slight confusion of purpose is apparent in its format. The dainty drawings in line and colour, by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, suggest that it is a book for the drawing-room; but Mr. Barman's text, so practical and lucidly argumentative, proclaims it to be for the library, the study, and, above all, for the architect's office.

A. TRYSTAN  
EDWARDS.



FROM "THE BRIDGE."  
By Frank Brangwyn and Christian Barman.



FROM "THE BRIDGE."  
By Frank Brangwyn and Christian Barman.

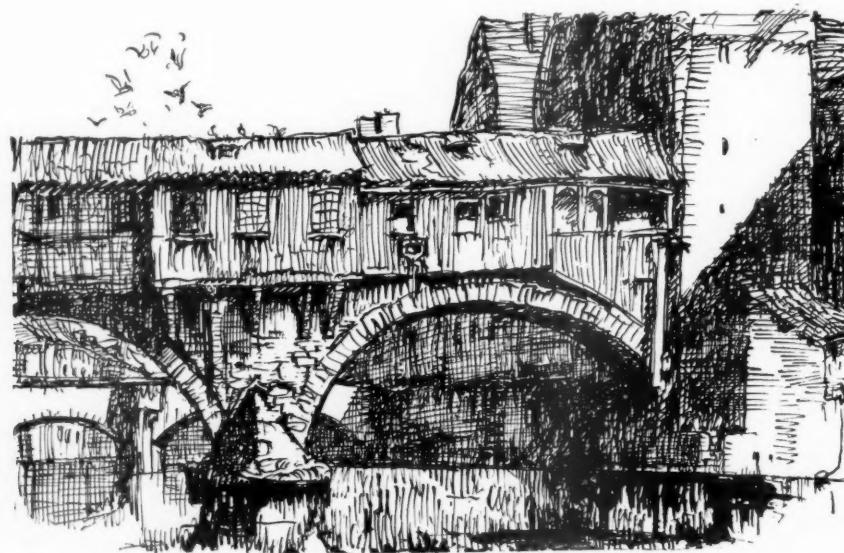
### The Mistress Art.

**Architecture.** By A. L. N. RUSSELL. The Simple Guide Series. London: Chatto and Windus. Price 7s. 6d. net.

"Architecture," writes Mr. Russell, "is sometimes called the Mistress Art, but actually the architect is even more in bondage than those who practise the other arts. He is in bondage to the popular taste; and this is why it is so important that the outside public should take a rather more active and intelligent interest in architectural matters than they do at present." This the book under review should help them to do. It is a sane and clear record of the past, and ends with a level-headed summary of today's tendencies, both in Europe and America. In its treatment of the past its aim is to give the essence of each period and show how, generally speaking, the forms arose out of the interplay of the two factors—what was wanted, and what was available in the way of material with which to do it. Thus our author can

step with easy strides through the centuries, and give us in 200 pages a picture that is adequate as a sketch of all the periods of the past that have really mattered, at least to the architecture of Western Europe. The compression here achieved is no mean feat. There is no feeling of discomfort or indigestion about it. Mr. Russell has arrived at his own clear views of what is essentially important in each period, and passes this on to his readers without overloading his pages with detail. What he writes is straightforward and easily read, and shows an understanding of the point of view of the ordinary intelligent, but uninstructed, reader. He has his own opinions, as a good guide should; but there is here none of that prejudice and cocksure condemnation that has in the past so often disfigured writings on architecture. The small pen illustrations are mostly excellent for their purpose, and the whole book is easy to hold and comfortable to read. It deserves a large circulation among our clients, and architects should see that it gets it.

W. G. N.



FROM "THE BRIDGE."  
By Frank Brangwyn and Christian Barman.



Drawn by Leonard R. Squirrell, R.E.

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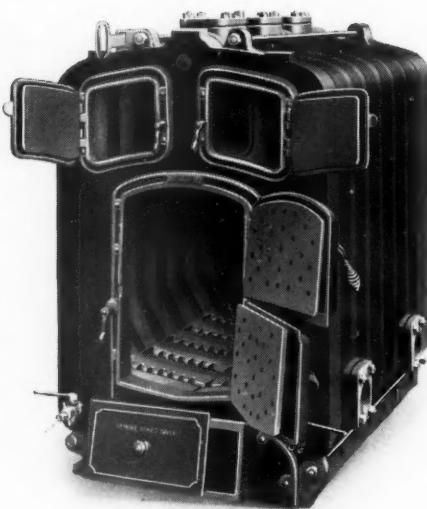
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## The Carpenter's Craft.

**Modern Practical Carpentry.** By GEORGE ELLIS. Third Edition. London: B. T. Batsford, Limited. Price 32s. net, or separately in two volumes, price 16s. each net.

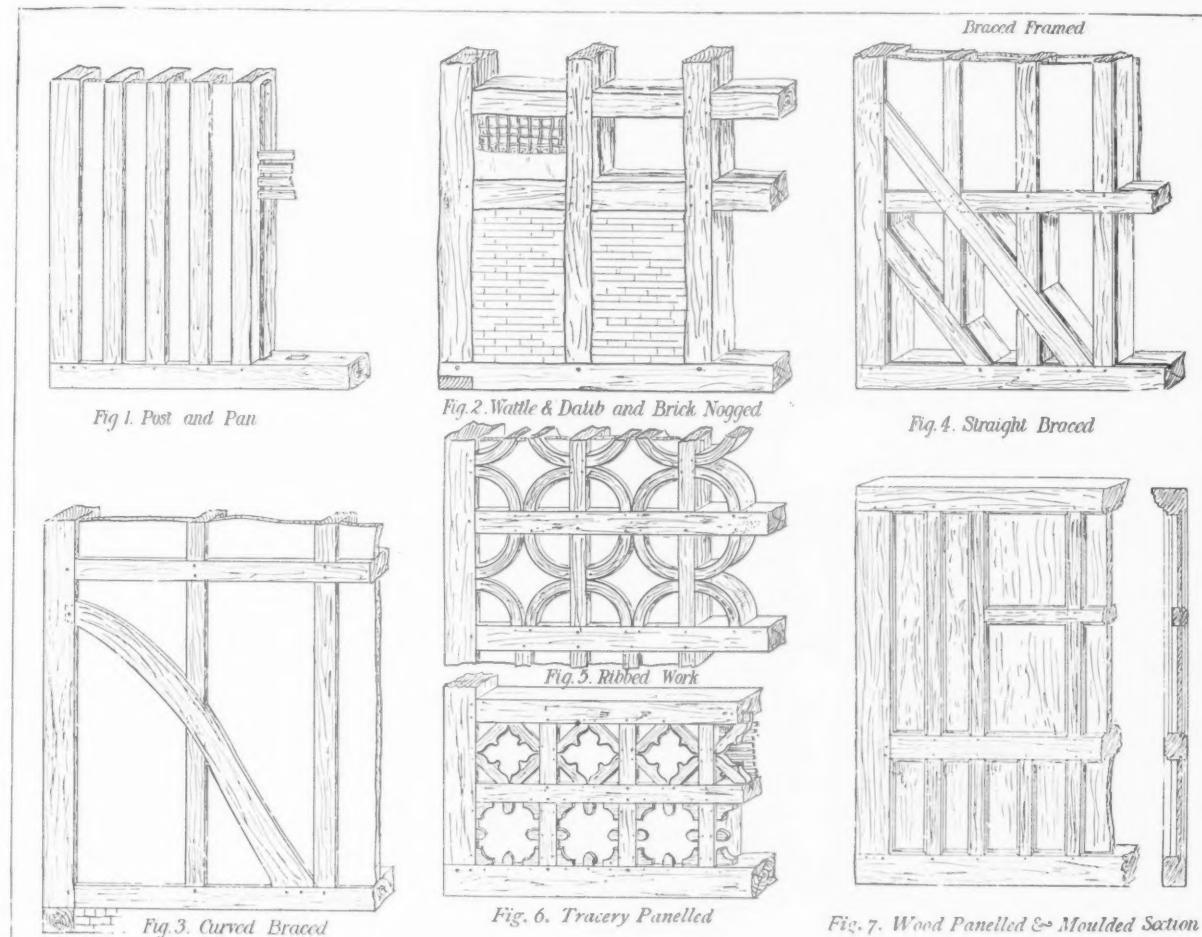
No name is better known or carries more authority on all matters concerning carpentry and joinery than that of Mr. George Ellis, whose compendious work, *Modern Practical Carpentry*, has just reached its third edition.

The author has availed himself of the opportunity thus presented of making various alterations and some important additions. These latter include a new chapter on the construction of large roofs possessing unusual features; further information on scaffolding and shoring, and a full description of the method

this connection it is significant that Mr. Ellis himself describes and illustrates (see page 83) the 82-ft. span timber roof at Covent Garden Theatre, which was designed by Sir Robert Smirke. One could wish that some of the modern examples illustrated, notably the laminated rib roof for a church, the half-timber gable, the cottage porch, and the lich-gate, had also been designed by architects.

As a practical treatise on carpentry the book is wholly admirable, and well merits the status it has reached as a standard work. One of the most interesting of its twenty-seven chapters is that devoted to half-timber work, which is well illustrated and thoroughly explicit.

The volume contains upwards of eleven hundred illustrations, and also includes copious indexes, a glossary of terms, a concise



TYPES OF HALF-TIMBER FRAMING.

From *Modern Practical Carpentry*.

of lowering a foundation and underpinning the walls of a large building; some useful examples of projection and methods of finding levels and developing moulds; and various interesting calculations relating to the strength of timber, contributed by Mr. Walter Reeve, A.M.Inst.C.E.

In his preface to the first edition, Mr. Ellis gives as a reason for producing a work on carpentry which should devote particular attention to the *practical* side, the fact that the principal books on the subject had been written hitherto, not by carpenters, but by architects, engineers, and surveyors, who, he suggests, lacked that intimate knowledge which experience in the trade alone could give.

This is surely a somewhat wide generalization, and an argument which is not to be accepted altogether without qualification. In

treatise on timber, notes on the words used in carpentry, and much other valuable information.

FREDERICK CHATTERTON.

Subscribers to THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW are cordially invited to visit the reading-room at 9 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W. 1, where they may inspect at their leisure the books and magazines published by The Architectural Press. If a personal visit is inconvenient, the publishers will be glad to send any books selected on five days' approval, if it is desired to examine them before purchasing.

## A LONDON DIARY.

*Unless otherwise stated, admission is free to all public lectures and addresses given in this diary.*

## WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1—

Potters of Old England .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt .....	12 p.m.	" " "
Britain Before the Roman Conquest .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Greek and Roman Life .....	3 p.m.	" " "
English Landscape—I .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
The Van Eycks, Campin, David Memline, and Mabuse .....	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
The Van Eycks, Campin, David Memline, and Mabuse .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Stained Glass .....	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
General Tour .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Indian Section : Architecture .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Exhibition of Oil Paintings and Drawings of Camberwell Past and Present .....	2-9 p.m.	SOUTH LONDON ART GALLERY, PECKHAM ROAD, S.E.5.
Except Fri. Sundays, 3-9 p.m.		
Summer Exhibition of Modern Art. Admission 1s. 2d.	10-5.30	THE GOUPIL GALLERY, LTD., 5 REGENT STREET, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1.
Summer Salon of Mixed Contemporary Art.	10-1	THE REDFERN GALLERY, 27 OLD BOND STREET, W.1.
Fine Paintings by British and French Modern Masters; and Modern Original Etchings by the Masters of the Craft.	10-6	LEFEVRE GALLERIES, 1A KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, W.
Twenty-fourth Annual Exhibition of Early English Watercolours.	10-5	WALKER'S GALLERIES, LTD., 118 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Old Naval, Military, and Historical Pictures and Prints, including Portraits, Battles, Ships, Sporting and Topographical Items.	10-1	DAILY THE PARKER GALLERY, 28 BERKELEY SQUARE, W.1.
Sats.		
Early English Watercolours and Turner's Liber Studiorum.	10-5.30	THE COTSWOLD GALLERY, 59 FRITH STREET, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.
Modern English Engraver - Etchers. Throughout the Month.	10-6	ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, 32A GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, S.W.
Sats.		

## THURSDAY, AUGUST 2—

The Romans and Their Art .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
How the Bible Came Down to Us .....	12 noon.	" " "
Between the Old Testament and the New .....	3 p.m.	" " "
The Romans in Britain .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Italian Painting—I .....	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION, MILLBANK
Hogarth and Eighteenth Century .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" Florentine Painting .....	12 noon.	" " "
" Admission 6d.	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Early Costumes .....	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Costumes of Seventeenth Century .....	3 p.m.	" " "
English Medieval Sculpture .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Costumes of Eighteenth Century .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Chinese Sculpture .....	7 p.m.	" " "

## FRIDAY, AUGUST 3—

The Anglo-Saxon Period .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
The New Testament Period .....	12 noon.	" " "
Craftsmen of the Middle Ages .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Origins of Writing and Materials .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Dutch Landscape .....	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
Blake and Alfred Stevens .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Italian Altarpieces .....	12 noon.	" " "
" Admission 6d.	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Costumes of Nineteenth Century .....	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Chinese Porcelain .....	12 noon.	" " "
English Porcelain .....	3 p.m.	" " "

## SATURDAY, AUGUST 4—

History of Handwriting in Western Europe .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Life and Arts of the Middle Ages .....	12 noon.	" " "
Tour of Several Sections .....	3 p.m.	" " "
A Sectional Tour .....	3 p.m.	" " "
French Furniture .....	12 noon.	WALLACE COLLECTION
Turner—General Visit .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" Technique .....	12 noon.	" " "
" Admission 6d.	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Early English Furniture .....	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
English Seventeenth-Century Furniture .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Indian Section : General Tour .....	3 p.m.	" " "
English Eighteenth-Century Furniture .....	7 p.m.	" " "
Italian Sculpture .....	7 p.m.	" " "

## MONDAY, AUGUST 6—

Records of Babylon and Assyria—I .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I .....	12 noon.	" " "
Monuments of Egypt—I .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Monuments of Assyria—I .....	3 p.m.	" " "
August 6 until September 18. " Old Naval Prints." Catalogue 1s. including admission.	10-5.30	BEAUX ARTS GALLERY, BRUTON PLACE, W.
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General Tour .....	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Museum Masterpieces .....	12 noon.	" " "
General Tour .....	3 p.m.	" " "
English Furniture .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Watercolours .....	7 p.m.	" " "

## TUESDAY, AUGUST 7—

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Monuments of Egypt—I .....	12 noon.	" " "
Monuments of Assyria—I .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I .....	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
French Painting—I .....	3 p.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Turner—I .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" Admission 6d.	12 noon.	" " "
Dutch Landscapes and Genre .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
French Renaissance Furniture .....	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
French Eighteenth-Century Furniture .....	12 noon.	" " "

## WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8—

A Selected Subject .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Early Greece (Crete and Mycenae) .....	12 noon.	" " "
Early Age of Italy (Etruscans, etc.) .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—I .....	3 p.m.	" " "

## WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8—(continued)

English Landscape—II .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Admission 6d.	12 noon.	" " "
Masaccio, Piero della Francesca, Michelangelo, and Leonardo .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Masaccio, Piero della Francesca, Michelangelo, and Leonardo .....	12 noon.	" " "
Byzantine Art .....	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Ivories .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Indian Section : Buddhist Paintings .....	3 p.m.	" " "

## THURSDAY, AUGUST 9—

Origins of European Architecture .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Early Age of Italy .....	12 noon.	" " "
Early Britain—I .....	3 p.m.	" " "
A Selected Subject .....	3 p.m.	" " "
French Painting—II .....	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
The Pre-Raphaelites .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" Early Venetian and North Italian .....	12 noon.	" " "
Adm. 6d.	12 noon.	" " "
Chinese Porcelain—I .....	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Chinese Porcelain—II .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Chinese Porcelain—III .....	7 p.m.	" " "
Spanish Art .....	7 p.m.	" " "

## FRIDAY, AUGUST 10—

Early Greece .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
How the Bible Came Down to Us .....	12 noon.	" " "
Greek and Roman Life—I .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—I .....	3 p.m.	" " "
French Painting—III .....	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
Sargent and Portraiture .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Some Master Painters .....	12 noon.	" " "
Admission 6d.	12 noon.	" " "
Glass .....	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Enamels .....	12 noon.	" " "
English Primitives .....	3 p.m.	" " "

## SATURDAY, AUGUST 11—

Early Britain—II (Late Stone Age) .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Early Christian Period .....	12 noon.	" " "
A Sectional Tour .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Tour of Several Sections .....	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
Watts and Some Contemporaries .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Drawing .....	12 noon.	" " "
Paintings .....	12 noon.	" " "
Early Renaissance Sculpture .....	3 p.m.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Indian Section : Sculpture .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Donatello .....	7 p.m.	" " "
Italian Decoration .....	7 p.m.	" " "

## MONDAY, AUGUST 13—

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—II .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Records of Babylon and Assyria—I .....	12 noon.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—I (Before 450 B.C.) .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Monuments of Egypt—II .....	3 p.m.	" " "
French Painting—IV .....	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
French Painting—I, Corot, etc. .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Spanish Painting .....	12 noon.	" " "
Michelangelo .....	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
French Furniture—II .....	12 noon.	" " "
Rodin .....	3 p.m.	" " "
French Furniture—II .....	3 p.m.	" " "

## TUESDAY, AUGUST 14—

Early Britain—III (Bronze Age) .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—II .....	12 noon.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—II (Elgin Marbles) .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Monuments of Assyria—II .....	3 p.m.	" " "
French Painting—V .....	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
English Landscape—III .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Admission 6d.	12 noon.	" " "
English Landscape, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Architectural—I .....	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Architectural—II .....	3 p.m.	" " "

## WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15—

A Selected Subject .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Early Britain—I (Old Stone Age) .....	12 noon.	" " "
Early Britain—IV (Iron Age) .....	3 p.m.	" " "
A Selected Subject .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Turner—I .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" Admission 6d.	12 noon.	" " "
French Painting .....	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Raphael Cartoons .....	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Jade and Lacquer .....	3 p.m.	" " "

## THURSDAY, AUGUST 16—

Greek and Roman Jewellery and Bronzes .....	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Greek and Roman Life—I .....	12 noon.	" " "
The Romans in Britain—I .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Early Britain—II (Late Stone Age) .....	3 p.m.	" " "
French Painting—VI .....	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
English Portraits—I .....	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" Some Italian Primitives .....	12 noon.	" " "
Ecclesiastical Metalwork .....	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
English Plate .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Continental Plate .....	3 p.m.	" " "
Architecture .....	3 p.m.	" " "

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A LONDON DIARY (*continued*).

## FRIDAY, AUGUST 17—

How the Bible Came Down to Us—I	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Illuminated Manuscripts	12 noon.	" " "
Monuments of Assyria—I	3 p.m.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—II (Elgin Marbles)	3 p.m.	" " "
Rembrandt	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
Stevens and Sculpture	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
The Mond Collection	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Admission 6d.	11 a.m.	" "
Goldwork and Jewellery	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Persian Pottery	12 noon.	" "
Vestments	3 p.m.	" " " "

## SATURDAY, AUGUST 18—

The Romans in Britain—II	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Early Britain—III (Bronze Age)	12 noon.	" " "
Tour of Several Sections	3 p.m.	" " "
A Sectional Tour	3 p.m.	" " "
Selected Pictures	12 noon.	WALLACE COLLECTION
General Visit	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Methods	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Precious Stones	12 noon.	" "
Paintings	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Indian Section : Mogul Paintings	3 p.m.	" " "
General Tour	7 p.m.	" " "
Engraving (Dürer)	7 p.m.	" " "

## MONDAY, AUGUST 20—

Records of Babylon and Assyria—I	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I	12 noon.	" " "
Monuments of Egypt—II	3 p.m.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—I (Elgin Marbles)	3 p.m.	" " "
Rubens	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
Elements of Design	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Oriental Pottery	12 noon.	" "
English Furniture	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Maiolica	3 p.m.	" " "
Italian Sculpture	3 p.m.	" " "

## TUESDAY, AUGUST 21—

The Greek Vases	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Greek and Roman Life—II	12 noon.	" " "
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I	3 p.m.	" " "
Records of Babylon and Assyria—I	3 p.m.	" " "
Poussin and Velazquez	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
French Paintings—I. The Impressionists.	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Fifteenth Century: Some Italian and Netherlands Painters Contrasted.	12 noon.	" "
Fifteenth Century: Some Italian and Netherlands Painters Contrasted.	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
English Pottery	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
English Porcelain—I	3 p.m.	" " "

## WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22—

A Selected Subject	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Early Britain—IV (Iron Age)	12 noon.	" " "
Anglo-Saxon Period—I	3 p.m.	" " "
Life and Arts of the Dark Ages—III	3 p.m.	" " "
Some Watercolours	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Admission 6d.	12 noon.	" "
Crome, Turner, and Constable	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Stained Glass	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Musical Instruments	3 p.m.	" " "

## THURSDAY, AUGUST 23—

Origins of European Architecture—II	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
The Romans in Britain—I	12 noon.	" " "
Monuments of Egypt—III	3 p.m.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—III	3 p.m.	" " "
Selected Pictures	12 noon.	WALLACE COLLECTION
Turner—III	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Some Master Painters	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Admission 6d.	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Carpets	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Tapestries	3 p.m.	" " "
Vestments	3 p.m.	" " "
Chinese Art	3 p.m.	" " "

## FRIDAY, AUGUST 24—

Greek and Roman Life—II	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Greek and Roman Jewellery and Bronzes	12 noon.	" " "
Between the Old Testament and the New	3 p.m.	" " "
The Romans in Britain—II	3 p.m.	" " "
Italian Painting—II	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
Some Illustrators	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Some Painters of Umbria and Siena	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Adm. 6d.	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Italian Renaissance Furniture	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Tapestries	12 noon.	" " "
Illuminated MSS.	3 p.m.	" " "

## SATURDAY, AUGUST 25—

Historical and Literary MSS.	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Origins of Writing and Materials	12 noon.	" " "
A Sectional Tour	12 noon.	" " "
Tour of Several Sections	3 p.m.	" " "
French Furniture	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
Some Recent Paintings	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
General Survey	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Bayeux Tapestry—I	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Bayeux Tapestry—II	3 p.m.	" " "
Indian Section : Painting	3 p.m.	" " "
Paintings	7 p.m.	" " "
Ivories	7 p.m.	" " "

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A LONDON DIARY (*continued*).

## MONDAY, AUGUST 27—

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—IV	12 noon,	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Hittite and Hebrew Collections	12 noon,	" " "
The New Testament Period	3 p.m.	" " "
Monuments of Egypt—III	3 p.m.	" " "
Subject of Painting	3 p.m.	" " "
Recent French and English Painting	11 a.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Dutch Portraiture : Hals and Rembrandt	12 noon,	" " "
" " " " "	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Glass	12 noon,	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Spanish Art (Goya)	12 noon,	" " "
English Porcelain—II	3 p.m.	" " "
Ecclesiastical Metalwork	3 p.m.	" " "

## TUESDAY, AUGUST 28—

Early Christian Period	12 noon,	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Anglo-Saxon Period—I	12 noon,	" " "
Greek Sculpture—III	3 p.m.	" " "
Monuments of Assyria—III	3 p.m.	" " "
Titian, Van Dyck, and Gainsborough	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
Constable and the Barbizon School	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
El Greco and Velazquez	Adm. 6d.	12 noon,
Oriental Arms and Armour	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY " "
European Arms and Armour	3 p.m.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

## WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29—

Anglo-Saxon Period—II	12 noon,	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Life and Arts of the Dark Ages—IV	12 noon,	" " "
Greek Sculpture—IV	3 p.m.	" " "
A Selected Subject	3 p.m.	" " "
Blake—Watts	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" " Adm. 6d.	12 noon,	" " "

## The Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road.

Recent additions to the collection at the Geffrye Museum are an eighteenth-century bow-front shop window—the woodwork is of yellow deal, with the exception of the facia, which is of oak. The panes of glass are small and the cornice boldly moulded. It is utilized in the museum as a showcase.

There is also an oak carved frieze from an old house on the Council's Watling housing estate, and carved pine trusses with cherubs, from Watergate Street, Deptford, and some good wrought- and cast-iron balconies from various districts. The cast-iron balconies are beginning to create more interest than formerly; they are fast disappearing, and those made by this method in the early days are frequently of good design.

Lord Fisher has loaned a valuable collection of porcelain,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29—(*continued*)

Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Maiolica	12 noon,	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Ironwork	3 p.m.	" " "
Indian Section : Textiles	3 p.m.	" " "

## THURSDAY, AUGUST 30—

How the Bible Came Down to Us—II	12 noon,	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—II	12 noon,	" " "
Life and Arts of the Middle Ages	3 p.m.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—IV	3 p.m.	" " "
Dutch Genre	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
Figure Composition with Examples	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK

Some Portraits Contrasted	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY "
General Tour	12 noon,	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Lace	3 p.m.	" " "
Raphael Cartoons	7 p.m.	" " "
Rodin	7 p.m.	" " "

## FRIDAY, AUGUST 31—

Illuminated MSS.	12 noon,	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Historical and Literary MSS.	12 noon,	" " "
Origins of Writing and Materials	3 p.m.	" " "
Anglo-Saxon Period—II	3 p.m.	" " "
Nature in Art	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION
Turner—IV	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Crivelli and the Paduans	12 noon,	NATIONAL GALLERY "
Della Robbia	Adm. 6d.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Salt-glazed Stoneware	12 noon,	" " "
Japanese Prints	3 p.m.	" " "

principally Chelsea, pictures and furniture; Mr. Ingleson C. Goodison a choice lot of walnut pieces—bureaux, tables, mirrors, clocks, etc.; and Mr. Robert Cust some satinwood and mahogany furniture. The Reference Library contains a large number of books on furniture and allied subjects, which can be consulted during the hours the museum is open.

Free public lectures, illustrated by lantern slides, are given in the museum on Thursday evenings during the winter months, dealing with furniture and other subjects in connection with the fittings and furnishings of a house.

## The English House.

The next article in this series by Mr. Nathaniel Lloyd will be published in the October issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

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## THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

### TRADE AND CRAFT.

#### New Dining-Hall at Rossall School, near Fleetwood.

The general contractors were L. Brown and Sons, Ltd., and among the artists, craftsmen and sub-contractors engaged on the work were the following : Earp, Hobbs and Miller (stone carving, plaster modelling and general woodcarving); Alan Durst (special carving over entrance doors); H. Spear (heraldic glass); Edgar Brandt (bronze work); S. & J. Smethurst, Ltd. (demolition, excavation, foundations, dampcourses and asphalt); Matthews and Mumby, Ltd. (reinforced concrete); J. C. Edwards (Ruabon), Ltd. (silver grey bricks); W. Macdonald & Co., Ltd. (structural steel); Velhinelli (slates); Ford and Ramsay (partitions); Henry Hope and Sons, Ltd. (lead lights, cast lead rain-water heads and casements); E. B. Burgess & Co. (wood-block flooring); G. N. Haden and Sons, Ltd. (central heating and ventilation); Drake and Gorham, Ltd. (electric wiring); T. Lightfoot & Co. (plumbing); Morrison Ingram & Co. (sanitary fittings); Laidlaw and Thomson (door furniture); Haywards, Ltd. (iron staircases); Arkwright Bros. (Blackpool), Ltd. (plaster); G. Jackson and Sons, Ltd. (decorative plaster); L. Brown and Sons, Ltd. (joinery and tables and benches); Henry Harding and Sons (stonework); J. & H. Patteson (marble); Conway & Co. (tiling); Heal and Son (chairs).

#### Drifts, Chinnor Hill, Wallingford, Oxon.

The general contractor was Henry Smith, and among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following : Hopton Wood Stone Firms (Fletton bricks); Waterex Co. (waterproofing materials); T. W. Cubbage and Sons (central heating, electric wiring, and plumbing); Carron Co. (grates); National Radiator Co. ("Ideal" boilers); Pontifex (sanitary fittings); James Gibbons and Kaye and Son (locks and handles); Wood-bar casements; Duncan Watson & Co. (bells); Aylesbury Joinery Works and Forward and Donelly (joinery); M. B. Bounds and Son (stonework and marble); Lamb and Sons (tiling); Foxton fabrics and textiles; Forward and Donelly (furniture).

#### Offices for Wardle and Devonport, Belle Vue, near Leek, Staffs.

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Particulars of these reflectors have been issued recently by the Illuminating Engineering Department of the G.E.C., in the form of an illustrated leaflet, a perusal of which gives much useful information on the characteristics of this system of illumination.



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Cocktail Bar on the S.S. "Berengaria." The woodwork is of oak, finished a warm grey colour; the chairs are upholstered in orange leather, and the gesso decorative work on counter front and pilasters is in silver and bronze.

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## THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

### Christ Church College Garage, Oxford.

In view of the generally accepted theory that the present iron and steel age has done much towards rendering current architecture much less picturesque than it was in the days of brick and

co-operating with architects, consulting engineers, and contractors, and by giving every contract individual and personal attention, they are in every case able to so design their shutters to harmonize with the building to which they are fitted. The contractors for the garage were Musselwhite and Son, and the shutters were supplied and erected by Messrs. Arthur L. Gibson & Co., Ltd.



The shutters in operation.

timber construction, it is interesting to note that steel rolling shutters with which the garage at Christ Church College is fitted do not, in any way, detract from the architectural treatment of either garage or college buildings. The garage, which was built from the designs of Messrs. J. and P. Coleridge, comprises twelve separate lock-ups, each being fitted with a Kinnear Patent Steel Rolling Shutter. Messrs. Arthur L. Gibson & Co., Ltd., the sole manufacturers of the Kinnear shutter, claim that by closely

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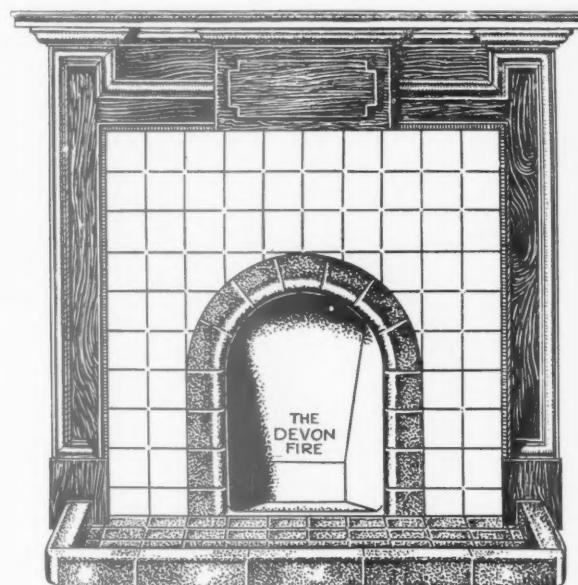
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## THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

### A New Rest Home for B. I. Employees at "Upper Downing," Whitford, Holywell.

For some time the Hospital Fund Committee of the Employees of British Insulated Cables, Ltd., Prescot, Lancashire, has had under consideration the provision of a Rest Home, as part of an after-care scheme for sickness and accident cases. A suitable



The Front Elevation.

house and estate having been located, a scheme was drawn up and submitted to the directors of the company, with the request that they should give financial assistance to the Committee.

The result of this appeal to the Board was that they bought the property and supplied the funds for equipment of the house,

thus relieving their employees of the burden of meeting the heavy capital cost involved in such a venture.

After two months' strenuous work, rendered necessary by the fact that the house had not been occupied for some years, the Rest Home was opened on June 19 by the chairman of the company, Mr. Dane Sinclair.

Mr. Sinclair, in declaring the house open, said it gave him great pleasure to perform the ceremony. They all hoped that the house would fulfil its very useful purpose. The Board of Directors were only too pleased to help the workers in the acquisition of this Rest Home, and he hoped that those who were unfortunate enough to fall sick would, after a stay in the home, return fitter than ever.

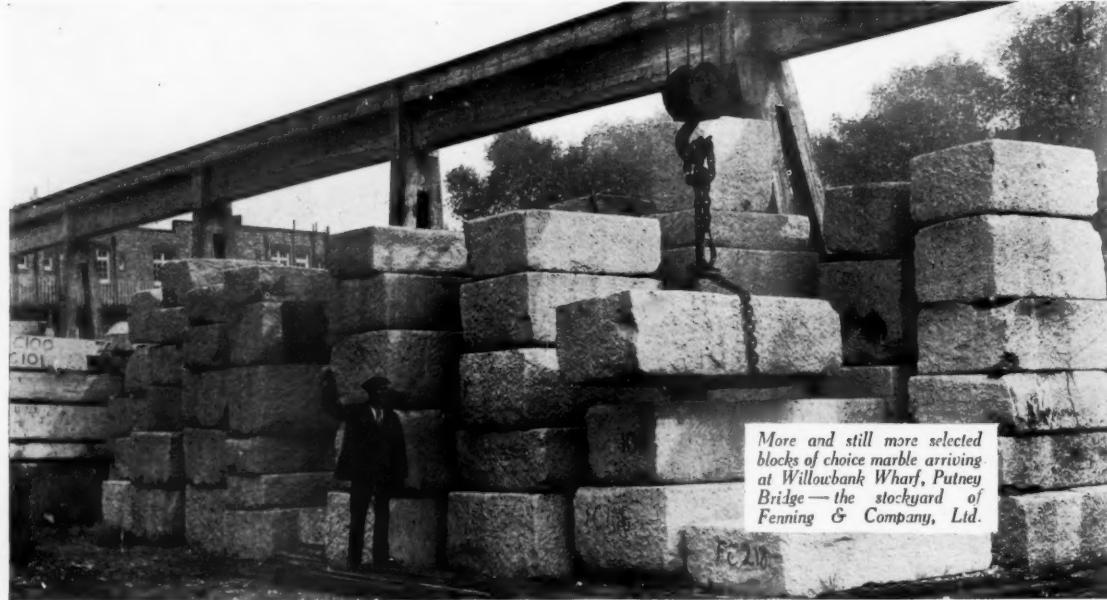
The home has, in consequence of the generosity of the directors, been opened free of debt, and there is now only the liability for running expenses to be met out of the funds of the Hospital Committee.

These expenses will be met partly by voluntary weekly contributions from the employees who subscribe to the Hospital Fund and partly by payments received from visitors who wish to spend a holiday at the home. Preference is, of course, given to convalescent cases, who can stay at the home free of expense, visitors being accepted when there is surplus accommodation.

"Upper Downing" stands among very beautiful surroundings, and the fine scenery, pure air and quiet must be of the greatest value to convalescents from the busy industrial districts. The property adjoins Downing Hall, the seat of the old Pennant family.

The house itself is of considerable antiquity, the oldest part dating from 1539. It has, however, apparently been remodelled during the Georgian period, and little trace of original work is evident. The floors are of considerable age, and are supported by the original beams which, unfortunately, have been cased in and whitewashed during some vandalistic period. There is an old ingle nook, built out from the side of the house, as an annexe, and roofed with slate. This, however, cannot be seen from the inside as the old fireplace was covered up and a newer fireplace fitted at some unknown date.

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